The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 87. Vol. XV. DECEMBER, 1898. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 12th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January *in the* February *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Owing to the Christmas and New Year's Holidays, it has been thought advisable to alter the date of publication of the next issue of "The Bookman" from January 1st to December 20th. We trust that this new arrangement will meet with the approval of our readers, and that correspondents will help us by sending in communications by the 12th of the present month.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Harper Brothers we are able to publish the preface to Mr. Hardy's new volume of poems, which will appear immediately, and which will interest every reader.

Preface.

Of the miscellaneous collection of verse that follows, only four pieces have been published, though many were written long ago, and others partly written. In some few cases the verses were turned into prose and printed as such, it having been unanticipated at that time that they might see the light.

Whenever an ancient and legitimate word of the district, for which there was no equivalent in received English, suggested itself as the most natural, nearest, and often only expression of a thought, it has been made use of, on what seemed good grounds.

The pieces are in a large degree dramatic or personative in conception; and this even where they are not obviously so.

The dates attached to some of the poems do not apply to the rough sketches given in illustration, which have been recently made, and, as may be surmised, are inserted for personal and local reasons rather than for their intrinsic qualities. T. H.

September, 1898.

The following are the contents of the book:—

The Temporary the All; Amabel; Hap; "In Vision I Roamed"; At a Bridal; Postponement; A Confession to a Friend in Trouble; Neutral Tones; She; Her Initials; Her Dilemma; Revulsion; She, to Him, I; She, to Him, II; She, to Him, III; She, to Him, IV; Ditty; The Sergeant's Song; Valenciennes; San Sebastian; The Stranger's Song; The Burghers; Leipzig; The Peasant's Confession; The Alarm; Her Death and After; The Dance at the Phœnix; The Casterbridge Captains; A Sign-Seeker; My Cicely; Her Immortality; The Ivy-Wife; A Meeting with Despair; Unknowing; Friends Beyond; To Outer Nature; Thoughts of Ph——a; Middle-Age Enthusiasms; In a Wood; To a Lady; To an Orphan Child; Nature's Questioning; The Impercipient; At an Inn; The Slow Nature; In a Eweleaze near Weatherbury; The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's; Heiress and Architect; The Two Men; Lines; "I Look into my Glass."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "A Fleet in Being" will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. as a small shilling volume. It will contain, in addition to the matter printed in the *Morning Post*, some notes which Mr. Kipling has written specially for the book form publication.

It is not generally known that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was himself the designer of the cover of the American edition of "The Day's Work."

We understand that the sale of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau" is now well over fifty thousand copies, exclusive of sales in America, where the book has sold even better than it has here. The play which Mr. Hawkins himself wrote from the novel was produced in Philadelphia towards the end of last month, and was greeted as a great success. It is said that "Phroso," an adaptation from the story of the same name, is also to be produced immediately in America. Mr. Hawkins will thus have no less than four plays running in that country at the same time. We say "running," for they all seem to "do." We congratulate Mr. Hawkins.

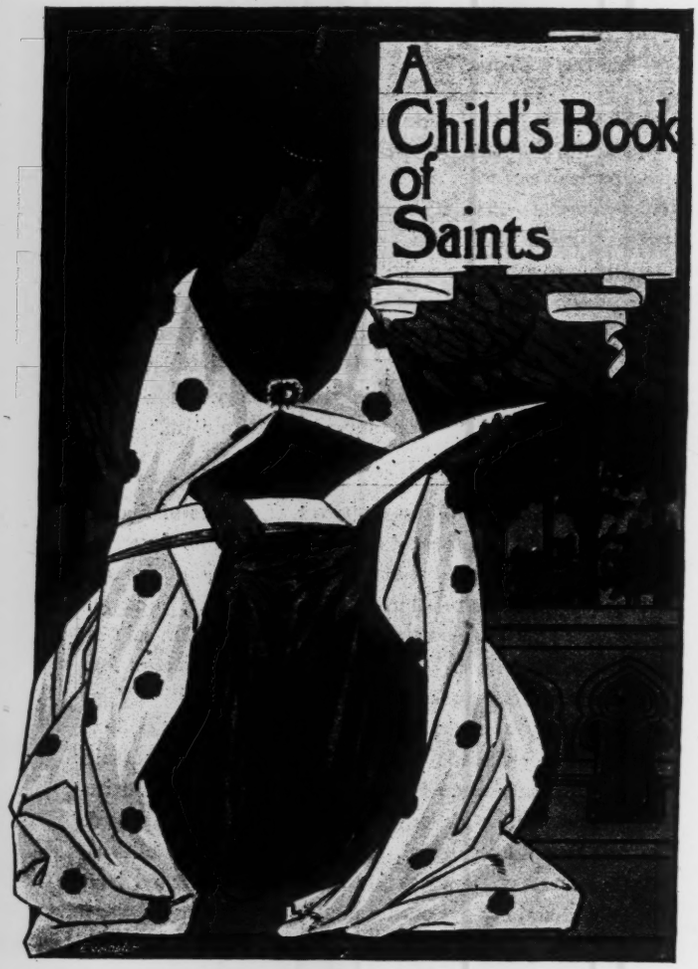
An article on the suppressed books of writers of fiction now living would be, we think, of considerable interest. Mr. Kipling has stopped the sale of "The City of Dreadful Night," "Letters of Marque," and "Echoes," and all now fetch a high price when copies are put up for sale at Sotheby's or elsewhere. Probably the most valuable of Mr. Kipling's suppressed books is, however, one entitled "A First Administration," a collection of stories printed in India, but, we believe, never offered for sale in the ordinary way. It is said that there are only some three copies of this book in existence, the remainder of a large edition having been destroyed. The first four novels which Mr. Merriman ever published, and which at one time it was thought might be reissued, have now been definitely put on the shelf, and "Young Mistley," which until lately was to be seen in the booksellers' shops, will be seen there no more. We think we are correct in saying that Mr. S. R. Crockett's first book, a volume of poems, is no longer to be had, and Mr. Jerome's "Told after Supper" has been rare for some time.

Mr. Chillingham Hunt, who is dramatising a novel by Dean Farrar, has now, we understand, completed his play. Not only this, but the Dean has expressed himself very satisfied with the work. The few who have heard Mr. Hunt's adaptation profess themselves delighted with it. Certainly Dean Farrar's novel should stand the dramatic test well, and a reciter of Mr. Hunt's experience must know very well how to handle it. It is curious that Mr. Hunt's name is known so very widely in the provinces and comparatively so little in London. He is an elocutionist of remarkable power, but for many years past he has confined his entertain-

ments almost entirely to the big provincial towns, where he is always welcome, and where his success has been great.

Major Arthur Griffiths is writing a new series of detective stories for a magazine. He has now entirely finished his very important book on the History of Crime. This is by far the most ambitious piece of work that Major Arthur Griffiths has yet attempted, and his peculiar knowledge of the subject should guarantee no small measure of success.

Mr. William Canton's "A Child's Book of Saints" is everywhere spoken of as *the* children's book of the year. We reproduce the beautiful cover design, certainly the most



artistic the season has produced, and in our Supplement will be found a sample of the illustrations, which are such an attractive feature of the volume. A detailed review of the book from the pen of Dr. William Barry will be published in our next issue.

Mr. Richard Davey, the author of that excellent book on Cuba, has gone to Italy again in view of some important Italian studies. Mr. Davey has been for many years connected with the *Morning Post*, but he is now contemplating an absolutely literary career. He published much fiction years ago in America, and it is probable that he will shortly give us a novel.

Mr. Frederick Whyte, who has just published his important book on the Stage of the Nineteenth Century, is one of Messrs. Cassell and Company's editors. He has made the stage a special study for many years, and his knowledge of French drama is quite surprising. Mr. Whyte writes very prettily, and is to be encouraged in ventures of his own rather than to those translations to which he has been hitherto addicted.

There has been a very wide rumour that Mr. Harmsworth intended to raise his magazine to the price of sixpence, and to keep it there permanently after Christmas. This, we believe, is entirely without foundation. Nor is it probable that Mr. Harmsworth will produce his contemplated sixpenny magazine for some time yet. He is busy at present upon his Sunday paper.

Mr. Foster Fraser has not abandoned his idea of producing his forthcoming book of travel in a cheap edition to begin with. The idea, we believe, was to produce a popular edition of the work at sixpence, and subsequently to follow it with the usual library edition at six shillings. The scheme is one of great interest, for there are thousands of cyclists in the country who are waiting eagerly for this account of probably the most adventurous ride in the history of bicycling. These certainly would welcome the opportunity of securing a work from such a clever pen at so small a price. But where does the library edition come in?

"Mrs. Murray Hickson" (who is known in private life as Mrs. Sidney Kitcat, the wife of the Gloucestershire gentleman cricketer) has ready another volume, entitled "The Observations of Miss Millicent." It is to be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. A new and illustrated edition of her delightful volume, "Concerning Teddy," has just been issued.

Mr. Charles Lee's "Paul Carah, Cornishman," is, we hear, attracting much attention in critical quarters. Mr. Quiller Couch especially has, we understand, expressed a generous opinion of the novel, and will have something to say about it in his causerie, "From a Cornish Window," which will appear in the January number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. Harry Lindsay, whose "Methodist Idylls" is now in the third edition, is following up the success he achieved by another volume of a similar type. It deals with Wesleyan Methodist life in Wales. The title has not yet been definitely decided, but the book will probably be called "Scenes from Welsh Methodist Life," which of course recalls a great book with a similar title—George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life." Like "Methodist Idylls," the new book will be issued by Mr. Bowden.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is following up the success which she achieved with "Trewinnot of Guy's" by another novel of quite a different character. Mr. John Long is the publisher, and the book will be dedicated to the author's friend, Mrs. Clement Shorter. The title is not yet settled upon.

"The Lifted Shadow," by Mr. C. Kennet Burrows, which has been running serially in *To-Day*, will be issued in book form by Mr. James Bowden.

The Rev. J. J. Nesbitt, of Trinity College, Dublin, who

is now Vicar of Rodmersham, Sittingbourne, is at work upon a popular Reciter, which is to contain many new selections, specially written for this work by many well-known members of the Savage Club. Mr. Nesbitt is himself a reciter of marked ability. The book, when ready, will be published by Mr. James Bowden, who has already scored a success with two other volumes of the same sort—"Recitations, Comic and Otherwise," by Jay Hickory Wood, and "The Applause Reciter."

Mr. William Steel, who has been for many years the manager of the important Australian branch of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., is at present on a visit to London. One of Miss Ethel Turner's recent books was dedicated to Mr. Steel.

No further evidence is needed of the great impression made by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" on the American public than the numerous editions which the publishers on the other side of the water continue to bring out. One of the most attractive of these in small size is that in the series of "Masterpieces of Verse and Prose," published by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes, of New York, This particular edition is illustrated by Mr. George T. Tobin and Mr. W. St. John Harper. Mr. Kipling's poem is probably unique in having been printed twice within a few months in the pages of the same magazine (McClure's).

We hear that the American publishers of "The Day's Work" are already advertising the thirty-eighth thousand. If this is so, the sale of the book in America would appear to have been better in the States than here, large though the demand in this country has been.

We hear that the edition de luxe of Mr. Kipling's "The Day's Work" will contain a number of stories, such as "The Record of Badalin Herodsfoot," which have been published in the ordinary six-shilling volumes, but not in the previously issued "de luxe" volumes.

We are interested to learn that the popularity and sale of Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "The Red Axe," has been greater than any book of his published since "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

Messrs. H. S. Stone and Co., of Chicago, the firm which Mr. H. S. Stone started after he separated from Messrs. Stone and Kimball, have just built themselves a new house, which is reported to be as artistic as the get up of their publications. They have also taken over the business of Messrs. Way and Williams, another Chicago publishing firm.

Mr. Max Pemberton's "Kronstadt" has just been translated into Norwegian, and a German translation will be issued almost immediately. His new novel, "A Phantom Army," is reported to be having as great a success in this country as "Kronstadt," which was at the time it was published the most popular story its author had then written.

Mr. H. G. Wells has sufficiently recovered in health to enable him to start upon a new and, we are glad to hear, humorous novel. His "When the Sleeper Wakes" will run in serial form through the *Graphic* some time next year.

Mr. Eden Philpotts has removed from London to Torquay, where he will in future reside. His last novel, "Children of the Mist," is selling well.

Mr. Barry Pain is engaged in writing a play. This is good; the added news that it is of an historical character is somewhat startling.

The coloured illustration is much in evidence in the various reprints which are so popular as Christmas gifts. Messrs. Macmillan's beautiful edition of "Cranford" contains some of the best examples of colour printing we have

seen this year. We give one of the illustrations from this charming issue.

Literature is almost at a standstill in France. Few books are published, and those which would at any other time have created something of a sensation receive but a passing notice. "Judith Renaudin," Pierre Loti's new play, has not yet been issued in book form, but it is printed in full in the November issue of the *Revue de Paris*. It is, we believe, Loti's first play, and its reception has not been very encouraging. It was unfortunate that a play which has for its heroine a Protestant, and which deals in a very sympathetic way with the persecutions of the Protestants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, should have made its appearance at such a time as the present. Pierre Loti indignantly repudiates the idea that he has in any way attacked the Roman Catholics, and points to his picture of the old curé, certainly the most moving character in the piece. It cannot be said that "Judith Renaudin" reads well. It is diffuse, lacking in dramatic power, but the last scene, infinitely moving in its terrible simplicity, redeems it from the commonplace.

We understand that the author of "When the Mopoke

Calls," a collection of sketches reviewed in our Supplement, is a nephew of Mr. T. A. Browne, better known to readers of fiction as "Rolf Boldrewood."

The literary event of the month in Germany is the publication of Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, "Fuhrmann Henschel." The critics are busy discussing this new drama, and the general opinion is that Hauptmann has definitely joined the Naturalistic school. For English readers the play presents many difficulties, chief of which is the strange Silesian dialect, which will puzzle all but the best of German scholars.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 24TH TO NOVEMBER 19TH, 1898.

Business has been brisk during the period indicated above, quite as brisk as in previous years. There is still the fact of lessening values to be borne in mind, but a number of high-priced works are appearing this season, the sales of which may turn the scale of returns in favour of the present time. Foreign and colonial trade continues satisfactory, the popularity of English literature all the world over being as great as ever.

Fiction in the form of the six-shilling novel continues in great favour. No single work calls for notice, but the copies sold in a month would weigh several tons.

In issuing new books and new editions the publishers' lists seem to be without an ending. Like Tennyson's Brook they "go on for ever." During one week recently 150 entirely new books were shown to the trade, and 100 new editions.

Works on India and the Soudan are in good request; such books, for example, as Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India," Steevens' "With Kitchener to Khartum," and Slatin's "Fire and Sword in the Soudan." The cultivation of physical strength is still very popular, to judge from the sale of books on training. Books of readings and recitations, and on indoor amusements are now in their season. A little more attention is being paid to theological and religious works generally. The absence of the demand has been very noticeable for some time past.

There is a very large business doing in magazines. *The Royal*, *Harmsworth*, and *Wide World* magazines have slightly fallen off, but are still selling in large numbers. Among magazines for ladies especially, the *Woman at Home* and the *Lady's Realm* must be mentioned.

Juvenile books are, of course, a grand trade just now. The picture books are not of a very high grade of art; they are principally of the "Golliwog" and "Ugly Beasts" description, but they sell, and that is the great point. Books of adventure among the Indians, at sea, during the Indian Mutiny, during the various wars—these are the favourites with boys. The taste is everlasting, and each year produces a fresh crop. Several series of classic novels have been issued of late, but they have met with a small demand only. As long as people eat, so long will cookery books be required. There is always a good sale for them, the most noticeable for the moment being Meyer's Practical Dictionary of Cookery.

The appended list has been made with much care, and may be taken as a fair index to the public taste.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Castle Inn. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Gloria Mundi. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
John Splendid. By N. Munro. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mistress Nancy Molesworth. By J. Hocking. 6s. (Bowden.)
Windyhaugh. By G. Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Hope the Hermit. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Aylwin. By T. W. Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Battle of the Strong. By G. Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)
Father Anthony. By R. Buchanan. 6s. (Long.)
The House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)
Forgotten Children's Books. By A. W. Tuer. 6s. (Leadenhall Press.)
Sea Urchins. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
Gladstone. By E. W. Hamilton. 5s. (J. Murray.)
The Reader's Handbook. By E. C. Brewer. 7s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Handbook for Literary, etc., Societies. By L. M. Gibson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Hypocrite. 2s. 6d. (Greening.)
R. N. Carey's 3s. 6d. novels. (Macmillan.)
Practical Dictionary of Cookery. By E. S. Meyer. 2s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
The Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By W. Walsh. 3s. 6d. net. (Sonnenschein.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Oct. 29—A busy week with the magazines for the home trade. Colonial and foreign business continues good.
Nov. 5—Another full week, business being well sustained throughout. In the export departments orders continue to arrive satisfactorily.
„ 12—This week was a trifle lighter than the last in the home departments. Colonial and foreign business good.
„ 19—A good week throughout, and all departments busy with Christmas numbers. Business in the export departments continues heavy.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 19TH, 1898.

With the advent of the month came preparations on all hands for the Christmas trade. Much activity was shown by all the leading publishing houses, and the books issued or announced were very numerous, especially in the direction of illustrated works for children, gift-books, and fairy tales.

Probably the most attractive of these were "The Nursery Rhyme Book," by Leslie Brooke; "A Coon Alphabet," by E. W. Kemble; "The Captain's Youngest," by F. H. Burnett; "Roundabout Rhymes," by Mrs. P. Dearmer; and "Nothing but Nonsense," by Mary Kernahan.

The month's business was also strong in the variety of biographical works issued, appealing as they appeared to widely different readers. The most noteworthy of these were the third volume of "William Blackwood and his Sons," a cheap edition of "Joseph Arch," "Mr. Gladstone," by Sir E. W. Hamilton; "Mrs. Gladstone," by E. W.

Pratt; "Charles Stewart Parnell," by O' Brien; and just as the month closed the long-looked-for and interesting life of "Dr. Dale of Birmingham." In connection with these biographies may also be mentioned the continued interest in anything relative to the life of Robert Louis Stevenson and the publication of the work on his "Edinburgh Days" by Miss Simpson. A book having for its secondary title, "Reminiscences of George Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh," was published locally, but proved attractive to old pupils of that institution scattered throughout the country.

Another feature of the month's business was the appearance of quite a number of religious works and their ready sale. The following were the most prominent:—"Great Souls at Prayer," "Household Prayers," by Dr. Blaikie; a volume of "Our Daily Homily," by F. B. Meyer, B.A.; "Blessed are Ye," by the same writer; "In the Day of the Cross," by W. M. Clow; "The Story of Religions," by E. D. Price; and "The Commandments of Jesus," by Dr. Horton.

A very fair business was done in stocking well-got-up books suitable for Sunday-school libraries, and the firms of Nelson, Blackie, Partridge, and the Sunday School Union showed much enterprise in this department of the season's trade.

Six shillings remained the popular price for works of fiction, and these were very many. A very ready sale continued for "The Day's Work" by Kipling, "Roden's Corner" by Merriman, "John Splendid" by Munro, "Mollie's Prince" by Carey, and "The Fatal Gift" by Moore. Along with these the following new works were in great demand: "Battle of the Strong" by Parker, "Windyhaugh" by Graham Travers, "The Laurel Walk" by Mrs. Molesworth, and many requests which, unfortunately, owing to the rapidity of its sale, could not be met, for Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin."

One of the books often asked for before its appearance was Gibson's "Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies," with its subjects for discussions. Such a work was evidently much wanted, as the sales have already prvoed.

The magazine sales, as usual, fell off considerably, mainly on account of the close of the tourist season, but so far as volume of trade was concerned, this was fully compensated for in orders booked for Christmas Numbers, Annuals, and Almanacs.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Battle of the Strong. By G. Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
John Splendid. By N. Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Windyhaugh. By Graham Travers. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Laurel Walk. By Mrs. Molesworth. 6s. (Isbister.)
Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Great Souls at Prayer. 2s. 6d. (Bowden.)
If Sinners Entice Thee. By Le Queux. 6s. (White.)
Red Axe. By Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
When the Mopoke Calls. By W. S. Walker (Cooee.) 6s. (Long.)
Father Antony. By Robert Buchanan. 6s. (Long.)
The Phantom Army. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Castle Inn. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

THE READER.

II.—MY BOOKSHELVES: REMINISCENT.

By CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

I HAVE said that for me there was no fine library in boyhood. A mere handful of unbound periodicals, three or four gilt-bound volumes, "The Arabian Nights" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" in paper covers, made up my bookshelves in those days. But no boy ever had a zest for reading, I imagine, without the means of gratifying it. That is not to say that the reading he obtains is certain to be the most beneficent. For myself, I am convinced that a hard drilling in Latin and Greek would have been the most effective training in early life, however disagreeable at the moment—the guidance of some severe and yet patient scholar would have added in an incalculable degree to the sum of one's intellectual pleasures. The delight I have always felt in Mark Pattison's studies of Casaubon and of Scaliger, and indeed in Pattison's own "Memoirs," seems to me to be largely the result of a longing for that ideal.

I do not regret, however, the absence of an university training. Only one child in a hundred comes out of that the better for it—of the children, I mean, of self-made men. The university, I find, chastens the son of a man who has inherited riches; it not seldom demoralizes the son of one who has made his own wealth. This latter youth despises his father for ignorance, and remains himself superlatively ignorant. This is a rough generalization not applicable to the Scotch or German universities, and with scores of exceptions. But may I not safely say that it is not in going through the university course that the majority of our more capable men have learnt what they have counted best worth their knowing? They have owed it to the public or private school and to private tuition. When Dr. Johnson said that he knew more at seventeen than he did at sixty, and when Moore gave us an account of Byron's almost incredibly varied reading as a boy, they conveyed a truth that is tolerably obvious to every lover of books. It is in boyhood that we read, and of the hundreds of books that we read then a larger proportion is remembered in after life than at any other period of mental cultivation.

I, for my part, read everything in fiction, in history, in theology that I could lay hands on in those days. Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" and "Wandering Jew" were favourite books. Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrian gave a non-travelled boy a view of life so widely different from that with which he was familiar in humdrum England. The influence of "L'Ami Fritz," "Madame Thérèse," and indeed of all the Erckmann-Chatrian romances is very marked in the young writers of fiction who have been growing up in England of late years. Some of them, I am sure, must have had a good drilling in those stories when, in their childhood, they began to learn French.

For the study of history I have always had an enthusiasm. It began with Collier's histories in the old school days. I don't think that Dr. Collier has ever had any adequate public recognition. His books seem to me to have been quite perfect in their way. They best represent historical knowledge up

to the point where Dr. Freeman and Professor Stubbs began their work. Dr. Collier was a child of Macaulay, with, in many ways, really broader views of historical events than Macaulay possessed, although of course without Macaulay's genius, and without that touch of insight which was undoubtedly possessed by Dr. Collier's real successor, Mr. John Richard Green. Collier's histories, for example, were far better books in every way than that old edition of the Student's "Hume," compiled by Dr. Phillips Smith, the brother of Sir William Smith, better known as "Dictionary Smith." One of Dr. Collier's books, called, I think, "Pictures from English History," published by Nelson, had a singular charm. Another, "The British Empire," gave to the boys and girls of twenty years ago a quite extraordinary knowledge of the growth of Great Britain. Another and larger work, which never, I believe, became very popular, ought to have been so, for it was a thoroughly healthy epitome of the great events of our national history.

Dr. Collier, of course, must have been very largely superseded, as most of the contemporary histories of England were, by John Richard Green's brilliant book. I well remember the controversy which that book excited, the rage of Mr. Froude and his friends at being told that he (Mr. Froude) was "recklessly inaccurate," the delight with which they discovered some very glaring inaccuracies in Green's book, brought to light, of course, in *Fraser's Magazine*, then under Froude's editorship. It was, it must be admitted, extraordinary that in so full a history Mr. Green should never have mentioned the "Pilgrimage of Grace," to which Mr. Froude had devoted an eloquent chapter of his great work. It was also regrettable that so many errors should have slipped in at various points of his narrative. But when all is said, Green produced a magnificent summary of the work of those he called his masters, Dr. Stubbs, Professor Freeman, and the many writers who have been working for the last thirty years, as, for example, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, Mr. James Gairdner, and von Ranke. Although we have plenty of zealous workers on phases of English history to-day, as that most delightful publication, the *English Historical Review*, sufficiently indicates as it reaches us every quarter, yet they do not seem to carry us much further in the direction of new light, they only amplify our knowledge of minor points, and it is difficult to believe that anyone for yet another half century will write a more brilliant epitome of English history than Green has done.

Of course English history, or, as I ought to say, British history, does not absorb all one's historical enthusiasms, and here I must express my gratitude to two organisations —one of them Dr. Williams's Library and the other the London Institution. In my young days Dr. Williams's Library had for its librarian a certain Dr. Hunter, a retired Unitarian minister. An introduction to Dr. Hunter from a friend brought one in touch with a somewhat abrupt, but thoroughly kind-hearted man, who allowed one to take from the library week by week some eight or ten books. I have recollections of a cargo of substantial volumes, of which I became the temporary possessor through that beneficent institution, and this without the expenditure of a single penny. All Freeman's "Norman Conquest," Dr. Stubbs's "Constitutional History"—in the delightful library form—all von Ranke's works, including Sarah Austin's translation of the "History of the Popes," Merivale and Mommsen and kindred books,—how eagerly they were devoured in days when reading till the small hours of the morning was much easier than now.

Not less—while invited to reckless egotisms—do I wish to express my indebtedness to the London Institution. A letter from any respectable householder to the secretary of the London Institution would in those days, and possibly to-day, for all I know to the contrary, secure one admission to the beautiful reading-room, which at that time was guided by Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, at present the chief librarian of the Bodleian. I well remember the boundless field that that library opened to a young student; that in one recess were all the leading works in English history, in another the ancient histories, Ernst Curtius's "Rome," Wilhelm Ihne's "Rome," Sir George Cox's "Aryan Mythology," Max Müller's works, and a hundred kindred books. In one recess were all the works of Mr. Ruskin, not then obtainable for a few shillings, but costly and quite impossible to the most enthusiastic of poor students. Mr. Ruskin has said that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying; but that was a counsel of perfection not then possible to follow in the case of his works. "Modern Painters" was only purchasable for some twenty guineas at that time.

I suppose that in those days the two great organisations of London with regard to books were, firstly, the British Museum and, secondly, the London Library. The first was impossible on account of age, the second on account of cost, and, therefore, it is rather pleasant to have the opportunity now of acknowledging one's debt to institutions which gave one the privilege of free reading, and which made no enquiries with regard to one's age. The eagerness with which I looked forward to being twenty-one years of age, in order that I might read in the British Museum, has a very pathetic side to-day, when one never goes under that magnificent dome without a sense of depression, and when one is not eagerly sighing for the years to pass.

I have said nothing so far about what to me was then the most interesting side of that period of life—its theological aspects. That is a side concerning which perfect candour is well nigh impossible. In boyhood I devoured commentaries — those by Albert Barnes, Adam Clarke, and Thomas Scott being the most available. Later on I read translations of Renan and Strauss, all Matthew Arnold, Professor Seeley, and the author of "Supernatural Religion"; but here again Dr. Williams's Library was a veritable godsend, the precise books that were, I am sure, most stimulating for one of my temperament being there and probably nowhere else in London. Fotheringham's "Transcendentalism in New England" and the "Memoir of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen" particularly occur to me as delightful books Fotheringham's "Life of Theodore Parker" was another admirable book which, I suppose, is little read to-day. Particularly well, too, do I remember Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of Amiel's "Journal," read by some of us long before she had made a reputation as a novelist. It is somewhat a riddle that amid the multiplication of books no one has given us a translation of de Sénancour's "Obermann" to place side by side with Amiel's "Journal." The book

has been sold for years by Charpentier for a franc or two with an introduction by George Sand.

But space is exhausted before my own bookshelves have been reached.

BOYS AMONG THEIR BOOKS.*

WE take it as a hopeful sign for England when a number of young writers are found banding together at, no doubt, some trouble and expense, with determination to give to their essays a permanent and—to some extent—imperishable form. Whether these were written in school hours, or written in the time devoted by other lads to the game of hop scotch, is a matter that has little concern with the reviewer; the fact remains that here they make a book; not perhaps faultless, not perhaps so optimistic in tone as one would wish to see in associations with youth, but still a book. No one can gainsay that. Whatever these young writers may fail to do in the future, they can always point to this volume and say— But what they will say can be easily guessed. Let us consider the work of certain of them.

Mr. A. Lang, in his essay "History as it is Written," shows promise, but he should avoid the too frequent use of quotations. It is quite true that these are paid for at the same rate as original matter; that, however, is not in itself a sufficient justification. Also Mr. A. Lang should refrain from mixing in disputes between Froude and Mary Stuart, and we think it scarcely seemly on his part to upbraid the historian for not writing scandal about Queen Elizabeth. Whether the Queen kittled or did not kittle Leicester in the neck smilingly, is an affair of the past, and to refer to it looks like precocity on the part of A. Lang. All the same, we are looking forward to more of his work. We hope he will persevere and write again.

Mr. A. Birrell, playing for the critics, bats twice, and in his first innings shows an aptitude for alliterativeness which should, if we may say so, be curbed carefully, and worked with wariness. Mr. Birrell overhears at dinner bitter criticism, and in comparing it with mild utterances of the Press says, with great truth, "How paralysing is publicity, and how impossible it is to say in print what you may utter with perfect propriety in private." This is a most ingenious sentence; we think it probable that it was written for a bet. Mr. A. Birrell declares that a reviewer cannot say what he really thinks of literary work when "the novelist is a great friend of his wife's sister, the divine and the poet are club acquaintances of his own." We have never had for club acquaintance a divine, and we cannot say what our course of procedure would be in that case, but we do know what we, as reviewers, should do with a novel written by a great friend of our wife's sister. We should restore domestic happiness and re-awaken wifely admiration by slating it with great asperity in all the popular journals; nothing else would give the reviewer's wife so much real gratification. When A. Birrell arrives at marriageable age he will know this.

The essay on "Certain Defects in Modern Criticism" is signed obscurely "A." (There is a tailor's shop in Cheapside with similar mysterious sign of ownership, but we have not been able to follow up this clue.) "A." would appear to be a bored, wearied young scholar; one of the products of our exacting public schools, and old at fifteen "A." complains with great bitterness that "modern reviewing is noted for its universal indulgence and its indiscriminate and excessive language of eulogy." We ourselves had not observed this; but, assuming that "A." is correct, what is "A.'s" grievance? We are prepared to wager threepence that he never buys books—he borrows them from Mudie's or he takes them from the room of his uncle the editor when the editor is absorbed in thinking of a new adjective. Very well, then! All that "A." has to do after the first six pages is to ask himself, "Do I like it or do I not like it?' If he does like it he can go on; if he does not like it let him drop the book and take up another. *C'est si facile!* A reader and a book are not all made in one piece. The mistaken idea that one is bound to read novels through to the end should be dissipated; it is no school task where failure entails lines in exercise books or on the hands. We detect some error in the premises stated by "A." He commences by declaring that it is of late this change to universal indulgence has come over reviewers; at the end he writes that the majority have turned from this attitude. A lad who can set out his case no better than this is just the kind of lad who would read a novel through whether he cared for it or not.

We are inclined to regard "Pickwick" by P. Fitzgerald as the least satisfactory of all these boyish effusions. If memory serves us faithfully, Mr. Fitzgerald is not altogether a beginner; we seem to remember some writings of his before this, and in the same connection. As an essayist Mr. Fitzgerald lacks finish; we almost wish that he lacked a beginning. Another's "Index to Pickwick" is, Mr. Fitzgerald says, "a grotesque sort of mosaic, something almost macaronic," and he mentions casually that he himself has just completed a "Pickwick Dictionary and Cyclopædia." Well, we all have to make a living, and most of us possess an impression that we must live, but whilst there are roads to be swept no boy or man need write a "Pickwick Dictionary and Cyclopædia," even though it is promised to be "an amazing repertory of all the heterogeneous matters." In this repertory we shall probably find the fact which the alert young essayist has noted here, namely, that one is told in Pickwick that at the White Hart they used Day and Martin's blacking, not Warren's. "In what other novel,' cries P. Fitzgerald ecstatically, "in what other novel would we find such a thing noted?" Really, if it were noted in many novels it would almost have an air of advertisement. This essay gives thoughts. Whilst a man is alive he can always remove the inconsiderate friend by gun accident or otherwise, but when he is dead the inconsiderate friend has it all his own way. Mr. Fitzgerald, in a youthful gush of rapture, calls the great writer a Pickwickian Marcus Aurelius. This is a strong phrase, but it is nothing to the terms which Mr. Dickens will apply to P. Fitzgerald when they meet in the happy fields. The language, we think, will be almost macaronic.

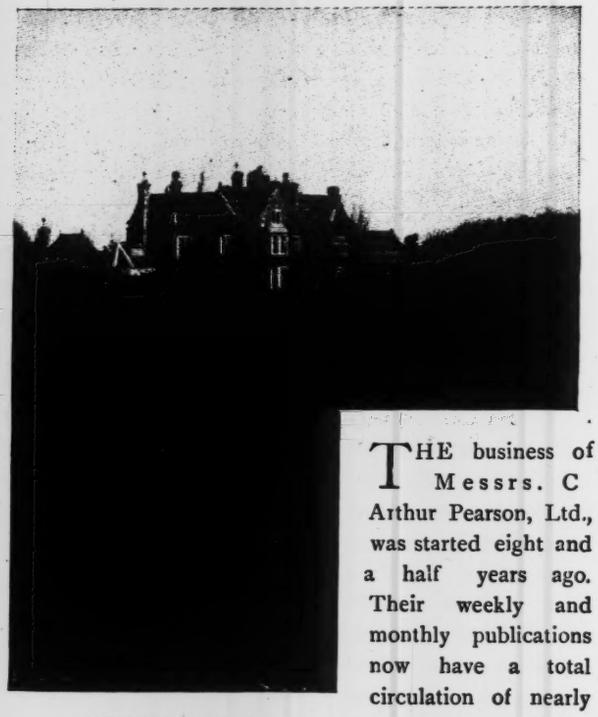
In all, the writers of these essays show some want of breeziness, but this is a quality that comes with age; they complain a good deal of everything, but it is boy-like to assume the airs of jaded men. We recommend them to work hard and not to mind the difficulties which will bestrew

* "Among my Books." 5s. (Elliot Stock.)

their path; the return of manuscripts with caustic observations by editors and thumb-marks, the trained irony of publishers' readers, the *badinage* from sisters, the pessimistic mews of their aunts. They have grit; they possess a certain amount of cock-sureness that is refreshing, and we hope to hear of them again. Excepting Mr. Fitzgerald.

W. PETT RIDGE.

THE PEARSON PEOPLE AND THEIR PUBLICATIONS.



FRENSHAM PLACE,
MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S HOME.

THE business of Messrs. C Arthur Pearson, Ltd., was started eight and a half years ago. Their weekly and monthly publications now have a total circulation of nearly 3,000,000 per issue. The profit on the financial year ending May 31st last was £42,649. The following is a complete list of their periodicals now being issued, with date of first number :—

Pearson's Weekly, July 24th, 1890, 1d. weekly.
Short Stories, July 15th, 1893, 1d. weekly.
Home Notes, January 18th, 1894, 1d. weekly.
Dressmaking At Home, January, 1895, 1½d. monthly.
Fashions for Children, June, 1895, 1½d. monthly.
Pearson's Magazine, January, 1896, 6d. (net) monthly.
Home Cookery, January, 1896, 1d. monthly.
Sunday Reader, March 4th, 1897, 1d. weekly.
Athletic Record, April 5th, 1897, 1d. weekly.
Big Budget, June 19th, 1897, 1d. weekly.
Dan Leno's Comic Journal, February 26th, 1898, ½d. weekly.
M.A.P., June 18th, 1898, 1d. weekly.
Royal Magazine, October 14th, 1898, 3d. monthly.

This list does not include periodicals published by the firm for other proprietors, with, perhaps, the exception of the *Royal Magazine*.

The founder of the firm, Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, is the eldest son of the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson, late Rector of Springfield, near Chelmsford, and was born at Wookey, near Wells, on February 24th, 1866. He spent four years at a private school, Eagle House, Wimbledon, and three years at Winchester College. Mr. Pearson speaks with derision of the average public school education as a preparation for one who has to earn his living. "You are taught absolutely nothing that will help you to make your way in the world: no history, no geography, no modern languages. When I was at Winchester three-quarters of an hour a week was the time devoted to French! Two-thirds of my time was spent in acquiring a superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek, which has never been of the slightest use to me. No boy is so badly equipped for his future as the English public-school boy."

Leaving Winchester at the age of sixteen, Arthur Pearson spent two years at home. During this time he was attracted by the offer of a situation worth £100 a year to the person who supplied the best answers to questions published weekly for three months in *Tit-Bits* Inquiry Column. He entered into the competition with the determination and thoroughness that have had a great deal to do with his subsequent phenomenal success. Every week as soon as *Tit-Bits* came out he used to cycle thirty miles to Bedford to consult works in the County Library. He won the prize, being an easy first among three thousand competitors, and in September, 1884, entered the office of *Tit-Bits*, which was then in its fourth year of publication. Six months after the young man of nineteen astonished and amused Sir (then Mr.) George Newnes by applying for the post of manager, which had suddenly become vacant. After a little perseverance he got the appointment. It is interesting to recall the fact that at this time Arthur Pearson and Alfred Harmsworth, who was an outside contributor to *Tit-Bits*, were intimate friends, and went holiday-making together.

At the end of six years, Mr. Pearson, whose salary was then £300, asked his employer to give him an interest in the business. Sir George declined; so they parted. He left the office of *Tit-Bits* on June 30th, 1890, and immediately set to work to bring out a new paper. Although not a stroke of work in connection with the venture was done until he had said good-bye to *Tit-Bits*, on July 24th the first number of *Pearson's Weekly* was on sale all over the kingdom. *Tit Bits* was then in its ninth year, *Answers* had just begun its third year. The staff consisted of five people: Mr. Pearson, as chief; Mr. Peter Keary, for literary work; Mr. E. Kessell, to deal with correspondence; Miss E. Keary, typist; and a cashier; all except the cashier coming from *Tit-Bits* office with Mr. Pearson. The offices were three rooms in Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C. The capital was £3,000, advanced by Mr. Mills, a friend of Mr. Pearson. In a few months more money was wanted; Mr. Mills was not only unable to find any, but, in consequence of the Argentine crash, wanted his £3,000 returned, and he was paid out.

Mr. Pearson recalls with much amusement his experiences in search of a capitalist. One shrewd financier offered to relieve him of all anxiety. "A man of your genius," he said, "ought not to be worried about sordid business details; your brain should be allowed to expand in its proper sphere. I will take over the business, and pay you a thousand a year and 2½ per cent. on the profits." This and similar proposals were not good enough for Mr. Pearson.

MR. G. B. BURGIN.
From Photo by Bissano.

MR. P. W. EVERETT.
From Photo by Hana.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.
From Photo by Alfred Ellis.

MR. KEARY.
From Photo by Hana.

MR. E. KESSELL.
From Photo by Hana

MR. F. J. LAMBURN.
From Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MR. J. M. BATHGATE.
From Photo by Edward Smith.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON
AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE
STAFF.

Finally he went to Sir William Ingram, who agreed to put in £3,000, Sir William, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Keary becoming joint owners of the business. "*Pearson's Weekly*," said Mr. Pearson, "would have required less capital if it had been less successful. Our circulation went up very rapidly, but it naturally took us a considerable time to build up a good advertising connection."

At the end of the first year the circulation of *Pearson's Weekly* was close upon 200,000 per week, an unparalleled record. In the second year the "missing word" competitions sent the circulation up to a million and a quarter. In the paper was printed a sentence with the last word omitted; this word, known to Mr. Pearson alone, was enclosed in a sealed envelope and kept in a chartered accountant's safe until the close of the competition. Every competitor had to pay an entrance fee of one shilling, the total receipts being divided, without any deduction, between the persons who correctly stated the missing word. Started in the summer of 1891 the competitions went on quietly for some time, but when, one week in November, each successful competitor received £70, they became a public craze. "All sorts and conditions of men sent up their shillings; the name of a Royal Prince appeared in one list of prize-winners; syndicates were got up on the Stock Exchange, and in banks and general offices. Rich and poor alike competed, the post office was unable to meet the demand for postal orders, and copies of *Pearson's Weekly* were at a premium." Then the legality of the scheme was questioned; the Treasury brought an action against one of the 200 papers that had imitated *Pearson's Weekly*, and missing word competitions were declared to be lotteries and consequently illegal. When this judgment was delivered the Pearson people had in hand £40,000 sent by competitors. The money was impounded, and doubtless the Court would have ordered it to be returned to the senders—only the Pearson people did not happen to have their addresses. Mr. Justice Stirling made one of the most curious decisions that have ever been heard in a court of law—"that the money be returned to Mr. Pearson to deal with as he feels in honour bound." This, of course, was a very high compliment to Mr. Pearson; no one could have proceeded against him if he had put the money in his own pocket, but, being an honourable man, he made a free gift of it to the competitors who had named the missing word. So everybody was satisfied.

"Many people think," Mr. Pearson remarked, "that the missing word competitions practically made *Pearson's Weekly*, that to them is due its large circulation. That is quite a mistake. So far as I could calculate, the competitions entailed a dead net loss of £7,000. When they started, the circulation of *Pearson's Weekly* was 260,000; it rapidly leapt up to a million and a quarter. We had to spend lavishly in order to meet the enormous demand. We had to get the paper printed in Manchester, Edinburgh, Norwich, Bath, Birmingham, etc.; we sent large quantities of paper by passenger train at £20 a ton. We did this cheerfully at the time, imagining that the circulation would keep up, but in four months it went down to within 20,000 of what it was before the boom began, and this 20,000 represented rather less than the normal rate of increase."

In the summer of 1892 Mr. Pearson started his Fresh Air Fund for poor children. Under this scheme, with the co-operation of the Ragged School Union, half a million children from the slums of London and the large provincial cities have enjoyed a day's holiday in the country. The cost is ninepence per head, and the money is obtained by inserting appeals in the various Pearson publications. Every penny contributed is spent on the children, no deductions being made for management expenses. Mr. Pearson continues to be keenly interested in this work, and there is no doubt he is primarily actuated by genuine solicitude for poor children.

In May, 1893, the growth of the periodical business necessitated removal to larger premises. "When we came here, five years ago," said Mr. Pearson, who was seated in his cosy corner in the handsome block of buildings in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, "nearly everybody thought we were very rash, but we have since had to extend into Maiden-lane, and could now do with a building twice this size."

In January, 1894, *Home Notes* was launched, being the first of the many dainty little penny papers of the same class which are now issued for women. Miss Maud Bennett ("Isobel") and her sisters Gertrude and Ethel with Miss Keary, have charge of this very successful publication.

In July, 1896, the business was turned into a limited liability company, with Mr. Pearson as managing director, With him on the Board are Sir William Ingram, principal owner of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, etc., Mr. Keary, and Mr. A. W. Stirling. The share capital is £400,000, divided into 50,000 5½ per cent. preference shares of £5 each, 25,000 10 per cent. second preference shares of £1, and 125,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. All the ordinary shares are held by Sir William Ingram, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Keary. Early this year Mr. Keary was made joint managing director with Mr. Pearson, and for the past six months has been chiefly responsible for the working of the business. Mr. Pearson is the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Keary, without whom, he says, the business would not have been what it is to-day. He was sub-editor of *Tit-Bits* when Mr. Pearson joined the staff, and throughout their fourteen years' association they have never had a disagreement. Another invaluable ally is Mr. J. M. Bathgate, the business manager. A hard-headed Scotchman, he joined Mr. Pearson nine months after the business started, and has shown such conspicuous ability that he was recently made a director. In Mr. E. Kessell the company has a very capable and courteous secretary.

Twelve months ago Mr. Pearson's eyes began to trouble him. He has always been myopic, and constant reading through strong glasses, especially in the train, so injured his sight that he found himself unable to read for long at a stretch. He now comes to Henrietta Street only once or twice a week. He continues to keep a watchful eye on all the publications, especially *Pearson's Magazine*. The managing editor of this is Mr. P. W. Everett, who was one of the highest wranglers in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos of 1892 and a Scholar of Trinity College. Commencing in the office as a general writer, he was transferred to the sub-editor's chair of *Pearson's Weekly*, and thence to

his present position. Mr. F. J. Lamburn, who entered the business in its first year, is now largely responsible for the editing of *Pearson's Weekly*. Another very important member of the staff is Mr. George Griffith, author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," "Valdar the Oftborn," etc.

Mr. Pearson is very well satisfied with his experiment in book-publishing, begun in the spring of 1897. Mr. G. B. Burgin, the novelist, is the literary adviser in this department, and the business manager is Mr. E. H. Johnstone, who was formerly an actuary in an insurance office.

The sale of over a million copies of the first number of the *Royal Magazine* has naturally caused much elation in Henrietta Street. Hearing that drapers and other tradespeople were giving it away or selling it for a nominal sum, one wondered whether it had been supplied at a special price, as an advertisement. Mr. Pearson assured me that not a single copy was sold below the regular trade terms. Does it pay? "A circulation of 500,000 pays, a circulation of a million does not. The paper and printing alone cost £4 per thousand copies more than we get for the magazine, and to this must be added establishment charges, literary and artistic expenses, etc. With a sale of a million the loss cannot be made up by advertisements; it could be done in America, but not here." The extraordinary sale of the *Royal*—beating all records—has not affected the demand for the firm's sixpenny magazine. "We thought it would, but the sale of the October *Pearson* was 700 copies in advance of the September number, and judging by present indications the November number will show a further increase of 2,000."

The firm have other schemes in development which may not at present be mentioned.

If you venture to ask Mr. Pearson what he does with himself now that he has so much time on his hands, he tells you with a laugh that he is a horse-dealer! He is very fond of all kinds of horses, except race-horses, with which he has nothing to do. At Frensham Place, Farnham, he has at this moment between seventy and eighty horses and the largest riding-school in the kingdom—250 feet long by 70 feet broad. He spends his mornings in training young horses, and finds the exercise not uneventful. This kind of life evidently agrees with him, for he looks as strong, as well, and as happy as a man could desire to be. Having worked excessively hard for a dozen years or so and made a fortune, now at the age of thirty-two, like a sensible person, he is enjoying himself in his own way.

ALBERT DAWSON.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Seppings-Wright, the well-known special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, has received from the Egyptian Government the silver medal and clasp commemorating the battle of Atbara. Mr. Seppings-Wright was originally a naval cadet, and he has had considerable naval and military experience—the latter whilst acting for his paper.

Mr. H. O. Wilson has left the editorial staff of the *Central News* for a position on the editorial staff of the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Wilson received all his journalistic training on the *Central News*. He is young, a good worker, and a most excellent linguist.

Mr. Billing, a son of the late Bishop of Bedford, has left the reporting staff of the *Central News* and gone to New York, to be the private secretary of Mr. Pulitzer, the proprietor of the *New York World*.

Mr. J. E. Siems, late sub-editor of the Exchange Telegraph Co's. Law Courts' Staff, has become London sub-editor for the *Liverpool Evening Express*. On Saturday afternoon, November 12th, Mr. Siems' old colleagues at the Law Courts presented him with a gold watch bearing the inscription: "A tribute of regard to Mr. J. E. Siems from his brother pressmen in the Law Courts on the occasion of his retirement."

Mr. Thompson Cooper, who has for a considerable number of years written the summary of the proceedings in the House of Commons for the *Times*, will henceforth write the Lords' summary in place of Mr. Fenton, who has retired. Mr. Beadnell takes Mr. Cooper's place in the House of Commons.

Mr. Frank Palmer, formerly London editor of the *Irish Times*, has been appointed a sub-editor of the *Morning Post*.

The *Nottingham Daily Guardian* has probably created a record in connection with the Hooley bankruptcy. The creditors' meeting and every stage of the public examination of the debtor have been reported verbatim in the columns of the *Guardian*. On the 14th Sept., the report of the previous day's sitting extended to twelve and a half columns. On two other occasions the reports exceeded ten columns. The work was accomplished by members of the headquarters staff specially in attendance at each sitting.

Mr. Frank Ridlington, of the reporting staff of the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, is leaving that office to undertake the representation of the *Ironmonger* in the extensive district between Sheffield and Leeds, both inclusive.

Mr. George Whitehead, editor of the *Rotherham Advertiser* for twenty-one years, died suddenly on Sunday, Nov. 13. Mr. Whitehead, who was forty-six years of age, was returning from service at the Baptist Chapel, Westgate, when, in ascending a steep part of the road, he was seized with illness, and was removed to an adjacent house, where he died in a few minutes. He was the second son of the Rev. George Whitehead, formerly Baptist minister of Rotherham, and his brother, the Rev. John Whitehead, is a missionary on the Congo.

Mr. F. J. Rose, formerly connected with the Berks, Oxon., and S. Bucks District of the Institute, has been transferred to the East Midlands District, he having taken up a journalistic appointment in Leicester.

The members of the East Midlands District assembled in quarterly general meeting on the 12th Nov., when there was much mutual congratulation on the successful issue of the recent conference in Nottingham. The work of the chairman (Mr. R. Ivens) and the Hon. Sec. (Mr. F. H. Bacon) was heartily recognised. It was decided to hold the annual meeting, to be followed by a dinner, on Jan 7th.

The *Nottingham Free Lance* is the title of the newest weekly paper published in the lace city. The first number was issued on Nov. 17th, and having regard to the difficulties inseparable from the production of an inaugural issue, the new comer made a very satisfactory *debut*. *Free Lance* is essentially a Nottingham paper, its pages, sixteen in number (*Tit Bits* size), being filled entirely with cleverly written local sketches and notes.

Mr. R. G. Walling, formerly connected with the *Western Daily Mercury* at Plymouth, has joined the literary staff of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*.

Mr. W. Haslam Mills, a member of the reporting staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, will next session join the Gallery corps of that paper. He is a son of the late Mr. James Mills, who was for many years musical critic for the *Manchester Examiner and Times*.

Mr. Robert Bruce, who has for several years been London correspondent of the *Aberdeen Journal*, has joined the Gallery staff of the *Glasgow Herald*.

Mr. Mackie of the reporting staff of the *Leeds Mercury* has joined the *Manchester Guardian*.

Mr. Robinson, late of Grimsby, has been appointed resident representative at Bridlington of the *Hull Daily Mail*.

Mr. Cole, of the *Leeds Daily News*, has died suddenly from an abscess on the brain.

Mr. Harold Frederic's predecessor as London correspondent of the *New York Times* was Mr. Joseph Hatton. His successor is Mr. Henry Norman.

Mr. Francis Pratt Hemsley, an Ilkley journalist, and former editor of the *Ilkley Free Press*, has died at the age of fifty-six.

Mr. A. H. Poultney, who for some years past has served on the editorial staff, will succeed Mr. J. Thackray Bunce at Christmas in the editorial chair of the *Birmingham Daily Post*. Mr. Poultney, who came to Birmingham from Bristol, is the author of a number of stories, including one of the most successful of Arrowsmith's series and "Isabelle Leigh," which recently appeared as a serial in the *Birmingham Weekly Post*.

Mr. Mundella, a nephew of the late Mr. A. J. Mundella, who was member for Sheffield for so many years, is leaving the *Manchester Guardian*. He has acted as Lobby representative and Gallery descriptive writer for that paper.

Mr. Rendle, who has been connected with the same paper in the Gallery of the House of Commons, is transferring his services to the *Daily Telegraph*.

On November 15th the Chester pressmen presented Mr. G. Lee Fenwick, ex-Chief Constable of Chester, with a silver loving-cup, bearing an inscription, as a mark of their appreciation on his retirement from the office of Chief Constable after thirty-four years' service. The presentation took place at the Hop Pole Hotel, Mr. F. Coplestone presiding.

The *Carlisle Journal* has entered on the second century of its existence. The paper was established as a weekly by Mr. Francis Jollie on the 27th of October, 1798, and remained the property of members of his family until 1836, when Mr. James Steel, who had acted as editor since 1825, became its proprietor. Under Mr. Steel, who took a leading part in the public life of the district, the paper was greatly developed, and it has continued to prosper under the reign of his sons. The *Journal* became a semi-weekly in 1858, and an evening paper in connection with it was established in 1885.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. A. W. Bremner, who recently returned from Jamaica after fulfilling a three years' engagement, has joined the reporting staff of the *Aberdeen Journal*.

Aberdeen District of the Institute of Journalists have resolved to recommend the Institute Provident Fund to the favourable consideration of its members.

Mr. J. W. Duncan has been re-appointed to represent Aberdeen District on the Council of the Institute of Journalists, and also on the Orphan Fund Committee.

Mr. John Ritchie Findlay, the principal proprietor of the *Scotsman*, who died in October last, has by his will left legacies to the literary and commercial members of the staffs of the *Scotsman* and *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. These vary in amount from one hundred guineas to five pounds. During his life Mr. Findlay was a generous contributor to charitable and public objects. Among other things, he contributed the money for the erection of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

The death has just taken place of Mr. Robert Russell Wilson, editor of the *Govan Press*, from an attack of enteric fever (his mother having died a few days earlier from the same cause). Mr. Wilson commenced his journalistic career on the *Govan Press*, but spent a few years in London, where he edited *Word and Work*, returning from the Metropolis about twelve months ago to undertake the editorship of the *Govan Press*. Mr. Wilson was regarded as a promising young journalist.

IRELAND.

On 17th November, Mr. Joseph S. Murphy, a member of the reporting staff of the *Northern Whig*, was presented with a purse of sovereigns at the Town Hall, Belfast, on the occasion of his departure from Belfast for a voyage for the benefit of his health.

ISLE OF MAN.

Mr. Thos. Norris, who has been principal reporter on the *Manx Sun*, is removing to Southport, where he intends entering into business.

Mr. Blair has left the *Mona's Herald* to represent the *Echo* and *Daily Post* in Douglas.

NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF PARNELL.*

At the end of this careful, detailed biography, Parnell is as inexplicable as at the beginning. Yet the biography deserves the highest praise for its candour, its fairness, and the intelligence by which it judges the action of every party concerned in the Irish struggle. But the subject of it upsets all our calculations as to human nature. "Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met," Gladstone said of him after his death. "I do not say the ablest; I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon." That is just it, a phenomenon, quite unexplained. Read this Life, and search all the other supplementary sources of information about him, and you will find no apparent preface to his achievement. He was untrained, ignorant, without experience, out of touch, save at one or two points, with his fellow-countrymen, and lacking the gift of speech. Yet at one bound he plucked the Nationalist movement out of the hands of men with ten times his intellectual equipment and public training, turned a weak, struggling, despised handful into a formidable band, shook two English parties to their depths, played with them, and made them supplicants for his favour. All his armour and weapons, at least at the beginning, were an invincible will and a supreme distrust of England. It is humiliating to both parties alike that the only man who wrung concessions out of them worth the name since O'Connell's time, was he from whom the utmost flattery could win nothing more than chill civility. Most of his warm-hearted, emotional followers could not but respond to the numberless acts of goodwill, public and private, shown them by the English people in the years of the alliance. "Many of us are inclined," said one of them, "to be carried away by what we think a kindly or a generous act. Parnell is never carried away by anything. He never dreams of giving the English credit for good intentions." Half of our common desires, interests, and feelings seemed dead in him. Does that explain the tremendous force of his being, cooped into a narrow channel? Or were they merely suppressed at will? He was very dark, and even in his confidential moods not very articulate.

His consummate leadership was not merely shown in leading his battalion to attack. In dealing with his men singly he seems to have exercised a kind of hypnotic influence. In difficulties rising between two or three he showed marvellous tact; and if he was consistently sceptical of the English, he was endlessly confident of the loyalty of his own band. For public ends he would coolly shove aside two or three men, to whom he had made overtures, in favour of one whom he found more suitable for some post or duty, and then invite the shoved aside to co-operate heartily with the man of his choice —which they did. By habit very courteous, yet, in a land of overflowing kindliness of expression as of deed, he let his gratitude for help, support, and devotion, be mostly taken for granted. His remarkable absence of self-consciousness, or of false shame, seems to point to a very simple or to an insensitive nature. But a survey of the whole career of the man makes it doubtful whether he was either one or the other. His ignorance, even on Irish subjects which he had not dealt with, was surprising. And he was only willing to learn if a short cut were shown him. Mr. O'Brien once told him some incidents in the struggle over Grey's Coercion Bill. "'By Jove!' he would say, 'that's good — and O'Connell, too! They are always holding O'Connell up to me as a model, but you make him out to be as bad as I am. Can I get all this in books? You see I am very ignorant. I am very quick, though, at picking up things!'" Another observer was asked how Parnell knew anything about the Fenians, since he had never been a member of any organisation before his sudden plunge into public life. "'How did he know anything?' was the reply, 'By instinct. He knew nothing of the details of Fenianism. He hated details—all details. But he knew that Fenians were men who had run risks, and were ready to run risks again.'" He had no thirst for superfluous knowledge, and most knowledge was to him superfluous, and of course he had no literary interests. Once he was heard to wonder what was the use of poetry. A member of his own family, asked whether he had ever been known to read, said, "'The only

* "The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell, 1846-1891." By R. Barry O'Brien. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)

book I ever saw him read was that (pointing to Youatt's "The Horse"), and he knew that very well.'"

Parnell's management of the Irish parliamentary business in his active days, and his method of using the concessions wrung by him, have been called unscrupulous and every other bad name. They puzzled some supporters even. For instance, his attitude to the Land Courts was thought by simple folks to be hostile, because he strictly regulated the rush of tenants to them, and held the Commissioners would only be as liberal as his outside agitation was active. Scrupulous or not, his tactics were masterly. But he was a good judge of a clever game, and he did not think his the best. "I gained nothing," he said, "by meeting Mr. Gladstone. I was no match for him." And again, "He knows more moves on the board than I do." Not to the Liberal chief alone did he pay this grim compliment. "An English alliance is no use," he declared. "It is a mistake to negotiate with an Englishman. He knows the business better than you do." But there he was over-modest. Deep player that he was, he owed his greatest success, nevertheless, to his unflinching courage. He feared no man, keeping tremors for dark inhuman powers that menace through three lighted candles, through the colour green, through the number thirteen: to his superstitions he clung quite unashamed all his life.

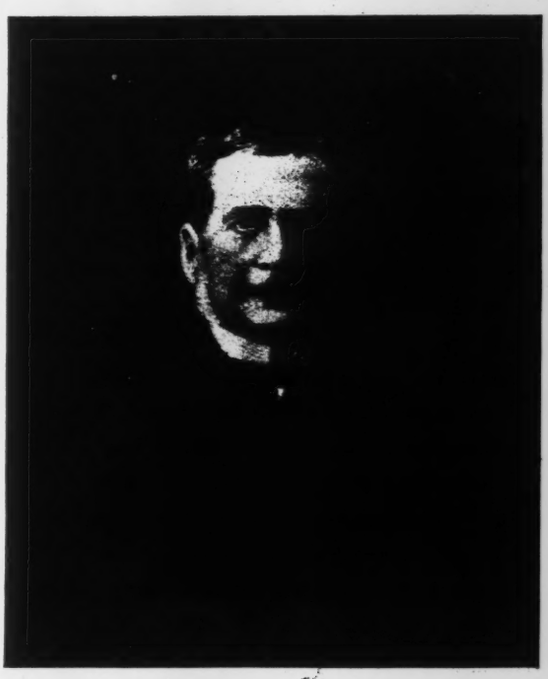
It is when his hold over his army was gone, when he was a man of broken reputation, fighting a battle against great odds, that his personality stands out most marvellously. The fight he made at the end wrung admiration from his bitterest opponents. Probably he died of the contest, but his spirit never broke. Shortly before his death a friend told him that the General Election was likely to bring him back with the meagrest following. "Well," he answered, impassively, "if I do come back absolutely alone one thing is certain, I shall then represent a party whose independence will not be sapped." Concerning his resignation, his attitude was ever, "I am a young man, and I will not go." He had made mistakes—Mr. O'Brien is candid about them—quite apart from the incident which wrecked his career, and which his biographer treats with a brief, blunt directness, which is discretion under its best form. His men got out of hand, and were not averse to English flattery. Perhaps negligence was not the only cause; he may have felt just how far he could control the way of life of his soldiers on a protracted campaign. And then, too, he had said from the beginning that the maintenance of an independent Irish party in the English House of Commons for any length of time was an impossibility.

The book is written by a hearty admirer, yet by an admirer with a naturally critical mind. It is not forone party more than another; such a life does not solely make appeal to politicians. To all students of human nature, to all intent watchers of human fate, is addressed this new version of the old tragic story of man's weakness, slowly, and without observation, wrecking the greatest bulwarks of his strength. A. M.

JOHN BLACKWOOD.*

With this volume the history of the Blackwoods is honourably completed. It would be absurd to say that Mrs. Porter writes as well as Mrs. Oliphant. In Mrs. Oliphant's personal writings you can always read between the lines, and the lines themselves never fail to tell you something. Her two volumes of this history are perhaps the very best things she ever accomplished. But Mrs. Porter has done her part creditably, in good taste, with good feeling and with very few errors. She is perhaps the first of the Blackwood family to write anything. John Blackwood, though a great editor and publisher, does not seem to have written for print, although his excellent and sensible letters show that he could have taken a good place as a critic. He was like his friend Delane—he delighted in discovering and stimulating literary talents, and in organising great schemes, and in the performance of these tasks he spent an honourable and happy life.

The history of *Blackwood's Magazine* is of special concern in these days when popular magazinism has run riot, and when the time seems within measurable distance when there will be no home for any decent literary article. It is gratifying to discover that through John Blackwood's time he had no misgiving, nor any occasion for misgiving. His career was one of sustained prosperity, broken by few jars or disappointments. He was able to live very much as he pleased, and had among his friends many of the most brilliant men of the day. Some of his ventures turned out less successfully than he desired. For example, Charles Lever's story "Tony Butler," which was published anonymously, did not get on, and scarcely deserved to do so. Mr. Blackwood had an unaccountable partiality for some dull writers, in particular for the Rev. G. R. Gleig. But upon the whole, his insight rarely failed him. It ought to be said also that his interests were by no means confined to critical and imaginative writing. He had a strong interest in the Empire and in politics, and he attracted to *Blackwood* quite a military staff, among whom were the Hamleys, Lord Wolseley, Sir George Chesney, and Lord Kitchener. In exploration, too, he was keenly concerned, and there are some charming notices of Speke and other travellers in this volume. The great event of his life, however, was his connection with George Eliot. He was the original publisher of "Scenes of Clerical Life," and issued all the great novelist's books except "Romola." For this another firm made a very high offer which Blackwood did not see his way to compete



JOHN BLACKWOOD.

with. The letter in which he intimates this fact to George Eliot is a model of propriety and dignity. It says much for both author and publisher that George Eliot afterwards returned to her old allegiance. Mr. Blackwood continued enthusiastic to the end. He admired even the "Spanish Gypsy," was, like Mr. Oscar Browning, enthusiastic about "Daniel Deronda," and bore even "Theophrastus Such" with a good grace. Of the last book, he says, "I have been reading it all with great interest, and it does make one think." This is a safe and sound observation. I think, perhaps, Mrs. Porter and her friends are a little too positive when they say that "Scenes of Clerical Life" was George Eliot's first work of fiction. But the matter, though under consideration, is not yet decided.

In very few cases does Mr. Blackwood's critical judgment fail him. He over-estimated the merits of David Wingate, but it may be thought that the public under-estimated them. For Lord Lytton he had a warm admiration, and certainly Lytton's versatility has hardly had justice from the present generation of critics. One of his discoveries was "Reata," the work of "E. D. Gerard," which deserves all the praise it received. It was not Blackwood's fault that the vein was soon exhausted, and that the later books, though well enough in their way, by no means approach the singular merit of the first. I suppose the discovery of Miss Ingham did not come in Mr. John Blackwood's time, else it should have been referred to. In her we have perhaps the most striking example in recent years of a fine talent suddenly arrested.

It is not worth while to enter into minute criticisms. Perhaps

* "John Blackwood." By his daughter, Mrs. Gerald Porter. The third volume of "William Blackwood and his Sons their Magazine and Friends." 21s. (Blackwood.)

neither Mrs. Porter nor Mrs. Oliphant does full justice to Professor Aytoun. His work was ephemeral, but there is no doubt it greatly helped *Blackwood* through many years. But the spirit of this book is emphatically broad and generous; in fact an impartial judge would probably claim more for John Blackwood than his daughter has done. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

IAN MACLAREN'S NEW VOLUME.*

The most obvious remark to make of this book, by way not of criticism, but of characterisation, is that it is a blend—of Ian Maclaren and Dr. Watson, of Liverpool and Logiealmond, of "The Mind of the Master" and the practice of Drumtochty. Blending is notoriously a delicate and difficult operation, almost as delicate and difficult as characterisation. The reader of the book can hardly fail to see some of the difficulties as he goes along. The subjects of certain of the stories are clearly "properer for a sermon." Such, for example, is "Afterwards," which is or ought to have been a homily on the egregious vanity which permits a man to spend all his leisure apart from his family because he is supposed to be "a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife." It is not peculiarly successful as a story, because after reading it you do not feel heartily sorry for the widowed Trevor, you only wish he had been horsewhipped in front of his "Mediterranean villa full of clever people," or rather you do not believe that so hopeless a cad could have inspired so much self-sacrificing affection in such a woman as Maud Trevor. Other "episodes" are plainly intended for Christmas-dinner consumption, when the port is none the worse for having a flavour of altruism. Such is "The Right Hand of Samuel Dodson," which is a very pleasant and profitable story of good deeds done in secret, but whose Dickensish "purpose" stares one too steadily in the face. On the other hand, the blend is in some places a perfect success. Thus "Saved by Faith" is so very good a piece of work in the way of exploring the robust and slang-loving Christianity that is to be found in the Stock Exchanges of provincial cities, that Dr. Watson might do worse than work this vein a great deal more. Then "Father Jinks," a study in urban ritualism, which in its style recalls Mr. Henry James at his best—that is to say, when he is not too industriously French-polishing his fundamental Puritanism—is as good as anything its author has done, as good as his own "Probationer" in this volume. Than this there can be no higher praise, for the poor, unfortunate, morally successful "Probationer" is worthy to be named in the same breath with the Rev. Josiah Cargill. The purely Drumtochty stories are quite equal to any in "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." The final chastening and mellowing of Dr. Davidson by financial misfortunes, and by the determination of his parishioners to alleviate them, rounds off admirably the life of the greatest and most loveable of Scottish Moderates. I cannot say I care much for "The Evangelist." As a picture of nobility of character, which no theological narrowness can destroy or even absorb, Elijah Higginbotham is no doubt delightful, but Dr. Watson ought to have allowed him to have the best of the argument about "Posty," as indeed he had. Then the minister of St. Bede's is a fine manly fellow, and deserves the good luck, in the shape of the best of wives, that falls to him; but being impetuous, would he not have shown the door to that "sleekit" and intolerable creature, Thompson? Finally, Dr. Watson is prone to carry self-sacrifice both in man and woman a trifle beyond nature. Altogether, however, this is a most enjoyable book, full of the most careful portraiture—Ian Maclaren has made a notable addition to his Scottish gallery in his nobly inconsistent Collector of Muirtown—the most wholesome of teaching by example, and writing the painstaking character of which but enhances its simplicity. Dr. Watson has proved in this volume that he is one of the greatest living masters of the short story, English or Scottish—that short story which relies for its effectiveness upon fidelity to life, and to the humour which is at least a half of character.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

MR. MEREDITH'S ODES TO FRANCE.†

This is the hour of hours for a lover of France to stand out and declare the debt of the nations for her light and leading along many high paths through the ages. Statesmen ignore such acts of courtesy, but their effects last nevertheless, and must sweeten the intercourse between two peoples so diverse, so dependent on each other's goodwill. Mr. Meredith's Odes are not mild eulogies of the talents and the prowess of a great neighbour; they are not flatteries designed to soothe. France has called them forth rather by her tragic struggles, her tragic experimentalism, her tragic failures, than by the moments when she has been serene and supreme. They are Odes on the Revolution, on Napoleon, on the terrible year of '70, on Alsace-Lorraine, and they contain remonstrance and warning as well as eulogy. There is something in France that defies a real, understanding lover to be sentimental over her. Her intelligence, her irritant vitality, compel her into combats, and equally flout patronage and cajolery. Mr. Meredith's fearless friendship is of the virile, the tolerable kind. But will she ever know more than the fact of the existence of this candid, this ardent friend? Is the Frenchman born who will make plain these rugged metres to his countrymen? Will M. Davray do it? Then we have need of that wonderful expositor on this side of the Channel, too.

It is, indeed, a strange irony of fate that the lucid genius of France should be sung in such desperately tortured and turgid strain. True, one hears very little of the difficulty of the poems from the critics, but that is because Mr. Meredith and all his ways are now accepted. Every cultured person is expected to understand him as a matter of course. But I will make bold to say it is a very hard student of the Odes who has come to an approximate comprehension of certain passages, and I am not convinced that the difficulty arises from anything worthier than the common source of such difficulties—a defective expression and a carelessness of beauty. The new affectation of understanding all is hardly less absurd than the old one of failing to understand anything. So we must in honesty speak not of the whole, but of parts.

There is one ode to which this criticism does not apply, that to France in 1870. It has been already published. Perhaps some will recall it for its memorable line—

"By their great memories the Gods are known."

It is a fine poem finely fashioned. No son of her womb has sung a higher song to her, nor one to make her wince more wholesomely in certain moments.

"She snatched at heaven's flame of old
And kindled nations: she was weak:
Frail sister of her heroic prototype,
The Man; for sacrifice unripe,
She too must fill a Vulture's beak,
Deride the vanquished, and acclaim
The conqueror, who stains her fame;
Still the Gods love her, for that of high aim
Is this good France, the bleeding thing they stripe."

The others, as I have said, have their veiled portions, and their painfully rugged, unmelodious portions; some of the latter sadly disturbing to the fine thought and harmony of the context, as, for example, the grotesque dissonance—

"Yesterday's clarion cock scudded hen of the invalid comb;
They, the triumphant tonant towering upper, were under."

But they are all marvels of brilliant energy, genuine kindling fires lighting the sky, while heroic shapes are made to play their great and terrible parts beneath. Here is the picture of revolutionary France:

"Athirst to kiss, athirst to slay, shestood,
A radiance fringed with grim affright;
For them that hungered, she was nourishing food,
For those who sparkled, Night."

The whole making of the Grand Army is told in a few vivacious lines. Not Victor Hugo has painted Bonaparte, brigand and awesome genius, more monumentally, nor has the enthusiasm of France for his guiding been so rapturously set forth:

"Scarce felt she that she bled when battle scored
On riddled flags the further conjured line;
From off the meteor gleam of his waved sword
Reflected bright in permanence: she bled
As the Bacchante spills her challenging wine
With whirl o' the cup before the kiss to lip;
And bade drudge History in his footprints tread,
For pride of sword-strokes o'er slow penmanship:
Each step of his a volume: his sharp word
The shower of steel and lead
Or pastoral sunshine."

The judgment on France for her abandonment of herself to his force is solemnly chanted; and yet his shade is never belittled.

* "Afterwards, and other Stories." By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History." By George Meredith. 6s. net. (A. Constable and Co.)

We are bidden look at the "Grey Observer" watching grimly the alien triumph—

> "The Prussia despised, the harried, the trodden, was here;
> His pupil, the scholar in strife."

He sings, too, a better guardian of the fair land. Jeanne has had smoother lyrics made in her honour, but she is of the woodlands and the hills, and this rough wildflower garland cast on her shrine smells sweet:

> "Earth's gem,
> Earth's chosen, Earth's throb on divine:
> In the ranks of the starred she is one,
> . . . . .
> Breath of the mountain, beam of the sun
> Through mist, out of swamp-fires' lures release,
> Youth on the forehead, the rough right way
> Seen to be footed: for them the heart's peace,
> By the mind's war won for a permanent miracle day."

A. M.

STEVENSON'S EDINBURGH DAYS.*

Of all the books and articles that have offered to give us intimate glimpses of Stevenson, this is by far the fullest and freshest. Miss Simpson knows a great deal more than the hackneyed tales of the truant student and of the black shirt. With her family he was on terms of the closest intimacy, at an age and a stage when both his talents and eccentricities were judged in comradely critical fashion, when he was too amusing, too untried, too "daft," to be looked on as a hero. The sister of the "Cigarette" proves to us that all the good stories have not been told about him. The book contains interesting chapters on his father, his mother, and that fine old Scotchwoman, Alison Cunningham. We feel specially grateful for what it does to supplement the picture of Thomas Stevenson. That duty-loving, austere man was evidently much in sympathy with idle youth. "He would stop schoolboys in the street," we hear, "look at their burden of books, shake his head over such trash, and advise them with earnestness to pay no heed to the rubbish which was being crammed into them." A very lucky father for Louis!

Of Stevenson's childhood, boyhood, and youth the glimpses are very various, and by no means all corroborative of common opinion. The pictures drawn of the clever, self-conscious, vain, restless-brained, and sweet-natured young man strike one with a sense of perfect truth. Some of them are comically pathetic. After his nursery days he did not always find a responsive audience for his yarns, his theories, his imaginings. He could take his own jokes very seriously. "At one time he was bent on founding a pawning society. Everyone was to pawn under the title of Arthur Libble the world over. Some future investigator of musty records was to be astounded that Arthur Libble had been constantly raising money on all manner of things in every quarter of the globe. Lives of Arthur Libble were to be written in coming centuries. . . . We said we did not want to pawn anything; and Louis, who had come in elated, was very depressed." But when depressed he never was glum. "He might be in the depth of dejection, but it was such magnified drooping of body and soul as to be farcical."

There are pictures, too, of his life in Fontainebleau which we never remember to have seen elsewhere. Everyone knows his interest in travelling players, but it will be news to most that he actually joined a troupe of these. About his adventures he was reticent. "All he admitted was that he played before French yokel audiences a part which was not of a high-class order—the part of a stupid Englishman whose mistakes in a foreign tongue were such as to appeal to the gallery." Of course, as we should expect, he was always eager to act romantic stories. Once there was some talk of a duel at Gretz. Stevenson, who was to be one of the seconds, took the matter very seriously, and "called a meeting of the [artist] community to arrange for every detail." He was much annoyed when the meeting and all the chances of the duel died away in laughter. One more picture let us refer to, a Samoan one. Stevenson is giving a history lesson to his wife's grandson. The boy's mother "has portrayed Austin, his hair on end, his hands clutching his knees for support, and leaning as far back as the wall allows, while his historian's back is only seen, his arms uplifted, his thin fingers stretched out. One can somehow see by the reflection of his tale on Austin's face that it is a gruesome and a bloody story, such as Scotch history supplies freely." Happy Austin! Other boys' dominies hold other terrors over them.

We have merely referred to a few detached incidents; but Miss Simpson gives a fairly continuous story of Stevenson till he left the North for the last time. It is a story that does not pall, especially when, as here, it is told in an unsentimental, comradely fashion by one who had a humorous eye for the oddities, a quick appreciation of the elfishness, which lurked and sparkled in the gentle spirit of Stevenson.

* "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days." By E. Blantyre Simpson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.*

Mr. Douglas How's Life of his father is a biography which ought to live. It is given to no Church to have in one generation many saints of the type of Walsham How, and the memories of the few should be cherished. In a sense this work is superfluous. As "parish priest," missioner, expositor, hymn-writer, and Bishop, Walsham How touched the spiritual life of the nation at so many points that there is no need of an interesting book to stir slumbering memories. Few men ever left a deeper impression on the minds of young or old, gentle or simple, though they saw or heard him but once. Few men more swiftly won affection as well as reverence, which were never withdrawn or diminished. Yet the book has its office even for the faithful; for with Walsham How, as with other "holy and humble men of heart," it was found that even those who saw him most had not fathomed all his goodness.

Mr. Douglas How has done his work with a delicacy and a restraint which have not always marked the filial biographer. The facts of the Bishop's life are given in all simplicity, often in his own unaffected letters to others. Thus we are left to discover in this way that the Shropshire incumbent had before him at one time a letter from the Archbishop offering the see of Capetown, and an appeal from the Bishop of London to accept All Saints', Margaret Street. Walsham How would not go to Addington, lest he "should be unable to withstand the pressure." But, that we may not deem this a sign of weakness, we are reminded that he could say "no" upon occasion. At various times he refused some of the most attractive incumbencies in the Church, a Readership to the Queen, a Canonry of Winchester, the sees of Capetown, Natal, New Zealand, Manchester, and Durham. To have declined to follow Selwyn in New Zealand, Fraser at Manchester, and Lightfoot at Durham argues no common spirit.

In truth, if this book have any marked defect it is in the bare justice which is sometimes done to a striking personality. This is especially manifest in regard to the work of Walsham How in East London. The Bishop would have had a name and place in the Church's history apart from that; but it was the East London period which made his career unique. Wakefield was little more than an appendix to the great task of his life—an interesting and important appendix, but an appendix still. It was no light task for a man of sixty-four, whose reputation had not been made in the North, to essay the organisation of a new Yorkshire diocese. He did it with success, and made himself as much loved in the West Riding as he had been in East London; but in the judgment of history the Bishop of Bedford will be a greater man than the Bishop of Wakefield. It is hard for anyone who could not from personal knowledge compare the Church in East London as he found it with the Church there as he left it to understand all that Walsham How did. There were other forces, some outside the Church, which helped him; but in the main the credit for a change of extraordinary completeness must be his. Of the difficulty with Dr. Temple it will always be an effort for those who knew Walsham How to speak calmly; but at least it stands before the world as proof that the man who preached the Christian graces could show them under circumstances of peculiar trial. If the curious care to understand the fair symmetry of Walsham How's character, they may get help by comparing the Lives of some other prelates. Let them go to the biographies of Wilberforce, and Magee, and Thorold, and then turn back to that of Walsham How.

A. R. BUCKLAND.

* "Bishop Walsham How: a Memoir." By Frederick Douglas How. 16s. (Isbister and Co.)

MR. BRIDGES'S POEMS.†

At last lovers of good letters are to have a fair chance of knowing Mr. Bridges's work. From volumes privately printed,

† "Poetical Works of Robert Bridges." Vol. 1. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

and from others out of print, as well as from some incomplete accessible ones, the present edition is being built up. The first part contains "Prometheus the Firegiver," of which there has been no issue for sixteen years; the better known "Eros and Psyche"; and the series of sonnets entitled "The Growth of Love," revised and selected from two separate volumes, one published in a small issue in 1876, the other by the Daniel Press about ten years ago. Externally the new edition is all that could be desired.

The first instalment of the poems is fairly representative. In "Eros and Psyche," the exquisite version of the legend in Apuleius, there is displayed his graceful, elaborate, and somewhat chilly art. Limpid in fancy, melodious in sound, precise in diction, remotely tender in feeling, yet never rudely or ardently human, the form and plan of the poem is as perfectly wedded to its theme of other-worldly romance as a writer of the race of man could make it. Our egotist souls may not respond to it with warm affection, but our æsthetic sensibilities are marvellously satisfied. See the embarkation of Aphrodite:

"And then the goddess stept upon the shell
Which took her weight; and others threw a train
Of soft silk o'er her, that unfurl'd to swell
In sails, at breath of flying Zephyrs twain;
And all her way with foam in laughter strewn,
With stir of music and of conches blown,
Was Aphrodite launch'd upon the main."

Mr. Bridges's lyric skill will be found illustrated in a future volume. It is undoubted, but he is not essentially a lyric poet. He is too reticent; he hides deep emotion under a veil of self-conscious art. Even in the sonnets on "The Growth of Love," you always feel the curb is as strong as the impetus. Momentary moods, the food of lyricism, he commemorates, but after they have been ground and moulded and refined by reflection and by craft. It is this rather than the lack of ardent feeling that has chilled some readers' intercourse with him. Art has not been so much his happy comrade, as his stern, high, and tyrannic mentor. For good and ill, he has never been rebellious. Thus, we see in his work sometimes a beautiful mask, and can hardly guess if soul there be within. And sometimes the mask is pierced by a gleam of rare and wistful tenderness. So is it in the sixty-sixth sonnet, with its exquisite latter portion:

"And I shall say, 'Receive this loving heart
Which err'd in sorrow only; and in sin
Took no delight; but being forced apart
From thee, without thee hoping thee to win,
Most prized what most thou madest as thou art
On earth, till heaven were open to enter in.'"

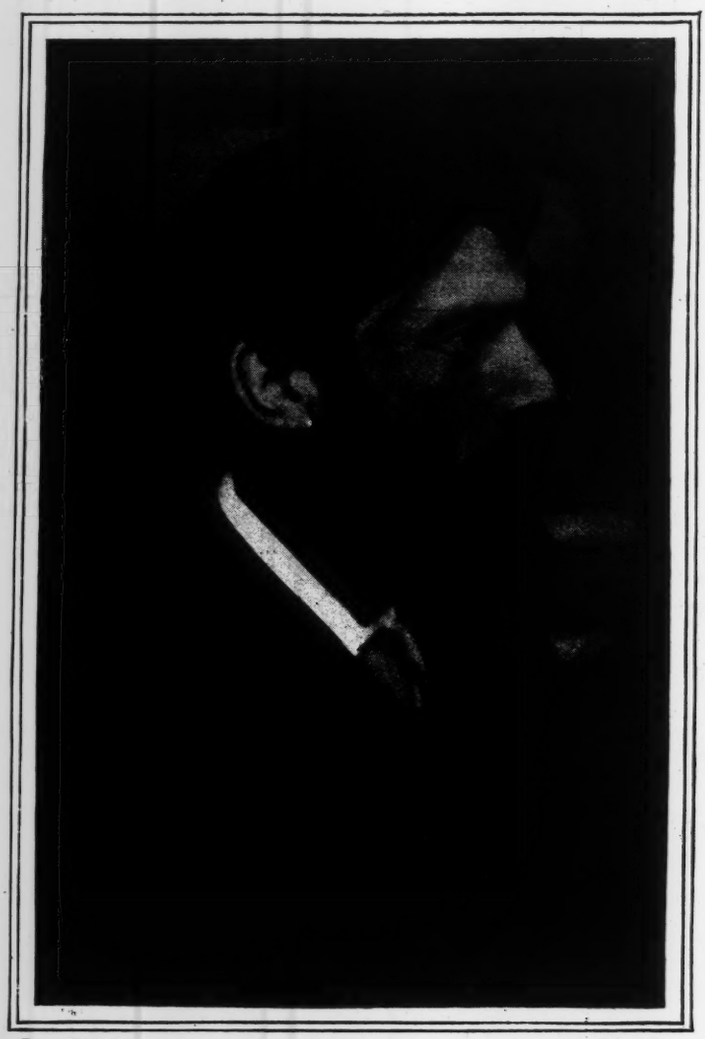
Indeed, one of the most prominent characteristics of his poetry is its downward glancing, wistful tenderness to the race of men. He is aloof in manner, but near in spirit. His art that has given such delight to a few, has not helped him much to reveal himself: rather has it been a bar; and as it is impossible, with knowledge, to class him as a mere cameo artist, one must insist on those passages that are like windows into a lighted home, hospitable to kindly and fraternal thoughts. "Prometheus" is a poem in praise of man. The period chosen is that which follows on the stealing of the fire, when the hero comes to earth, to give the sacred thing to Inachus. The incident is not dealt with impressively throughout. The form is austere, and the temper somewhat ponderously didactic. But the monotony is broken by the ringing melody of the choruses; and the dignified, cold eloquence relieved by the pitiful and proud pleadings for humanity. There is a personal yearning in the fine Tragic Hymn on the Lot of Man, and in the greeting of Prometheus to our earth:

"not in heaven
Among our easeful gods hath facile time
A touch so keen, to wake such love of life
As stirs the frail and careful being, who here,
The king of sorrows, melancholy man,
Bows at his labour, but in heart erect
A god stands, nor for any gift of god
Would barter his immortal-hearted prime."

So also in his eulogy on the spirit of man:

"That spirit which lives in each and will not die,
That wooeth beauty, and for all good things
Urgeth a voice, or in still passion sigheth,
And where he loveth draweth the heart with him."

There are other things to be said about Mr. Bridges as a craftsman. But it is well to assure some of the great number to whom he is still unknown, that he is more than an excellent craftsman: that though often distant, and always discreet, he is of those that speak to the heart, and not merely to the æsthetic senses.



From Photo by MR. ROBERT BRIDGES. [*Fred. Hollyer.*

A BELGIAN SYMBOLIST DRAMA.*

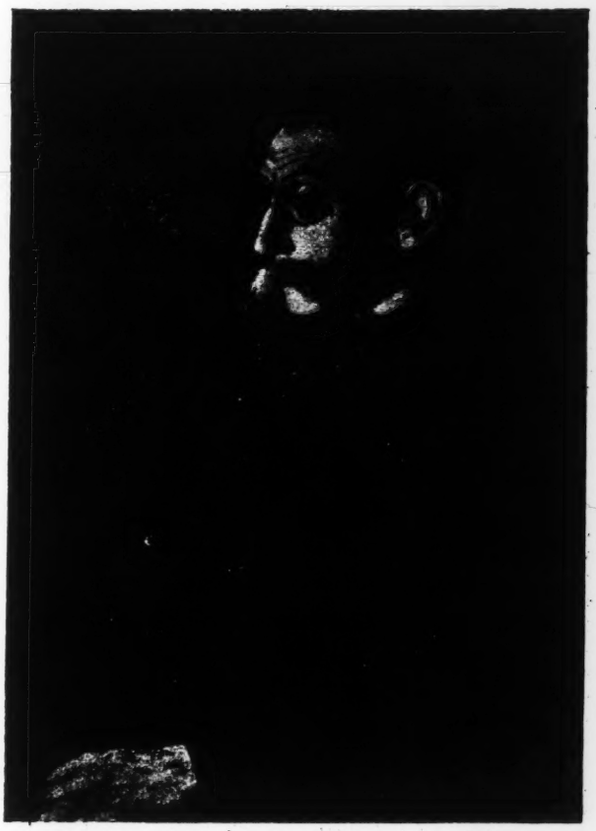
We believe the task Mr. Symons has attempted to be beyond any translator's skill. At least, it is a thankless business. For he has expended a great deal of ingenuity, and better than that, of real poetic force; and we cannot say we are satisfied. The original is a poem of high value; dramatic in form, but ill-constructed and often incoherent. It is picturesque in phrase, yet frequently inarticulate; many passages defy analysis, and others cannot stand it. A great poem, if you will, but there are great poems that are untranslatable. We think this is one of them.

"The Dawn" is the work of a distinguished symbolist. But M. Verhaeren's symbolist craft only reaches to the rendering of single ideas. Here, where it is stretched to cover a drama, it fails. There is nothing satisfying in the external circumstance. All is vague, and even feeble. We learn that Oppidomagne—the symbolic town—is besieged without and rent by dissensions within. One of its citizens, Hérénien, a demagogue, a writer of books, and a political idealist, is alternately ill-treated and besought by the authorities for help. What all the fuss is about, one never learns. Sait-on pourquoi s'est déchainée la

* "Les Aubes." Par Emile Verhaeren. (E. Deman, Bruxelles.)
"The Dawn." By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Arthur Symons. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

guerre? is a question never answered. Hérénien treats with the rank and file of the enemy outside; the gates are opened, and all save the hostile chiefs come in. Then follow enthusiastic fraternal greetings. But a shot or two is fired by the people of the city, for form's sake, and Hérénien falls—just in time to save his reputation, one concludes; for that the bumptious windbag could control the forces he has let loose not a single reader can believe. M. Verhaeren's mistake is that he has chosen a subject which, in dramatic form, demands clear, strong, objective treatment; and that it has not received. For a lyric series, uttering the brotherhood of uncorrupted man, the country's arraignment of the town, and the town's bitter complaint of the country, speaking the faith of those rare spirits who live so in the future that the jars of the present hardly hurt them, there is magnificent material in "Les Aubes."

It is only the Hérénien, the person of the drama, who is a poor prating puppet. When M. Verhaeren puts him in front of action the demagogue makes a fool of himself invariably. As a lyrical voice, to us unfeatured, only dimly corporate, he would



M. EMILE VERHAEREN.
From a drawing by Cheo van Ryssel berghe.

have been magnificent. Then we, too, might have believed that he had "on his side the unknown forces of life," and been fired by his ideal to "be in the service of circumstances, hold myself at the mercy of the immense hope that thrills the whole world to-day." He is a preposterous husband, but his voice sings divinely of love:

> "Tu fus la fleur des lacs et des brouillards
> Que, vivement, mes mains
> Ont arrachée à mon pays hagard."

The translator could not make a tolerable drama out of some fine lyrical rhapsodies, divided from each other by incoherent interruptions of action and dialogue, obscure if not purposeless. The spirit he has rendered in a really marvellous manner; but the best translation of symbolic poetry, which is so inextricably bound up with the language in which it is written, is a poor substitute for the original.

It is a valiant thing to have attempted; the execution is a *tour de force;* and as with every such *tour de force* one wishes the ingenuity had been spent on original work. Verhaeren is hard to translate; but not hard to read; his images appeal to the eye; the eye may comprehend fully that of which the tongue cannot frame a verbal paraphrase.

And while he was taking such pains, Mr. Symons might have taken a little more. It is Verhaeren's fault that it is a vague, obscure drama. It is the translator's fault that some good points are dulled. Surely the whole meaning is lost in "We loathe him [Haineau] now that we know ourselves." The original reads, "Nous *nous* détestons"—a very frequent effect of prolonged proximity among such as have sworn eternal friendship. So, again, in his translation of *savant*—evidently the scientific experimentalist who meddles with the land—as "wise man." "Les jardins des demains clairs" becomes "the fair gardens of to-morrow," not a happy transference of epithet. There are some rather tortuous renderings—as when, "Et crient vers l'angoisse brandie" appears as "And snort against this woeful torch." "Ces rafales terroristes" is spoilt in "these unterrifying storms"; and "Je m'abime et je me brule en ta grande âme," is weakened in "I abase myself and lose myself"! There are harsh lines; "And the malevolent tearing of our vehement nails," is one of them; but in justice it should be said they echo almost as great a harshness in the original.

Hérénien was on his own showing a brutal father, but it is too bad to render "Dire qu'aujourd'hui j'étranglerais mon fils s'il m'imitait" (*i.e.*, in the bad conduct of his own boyhood), by "I would strangle my son if he were to irritate me." Is there an English printer's error here? Again, "I offer him to the future, jubilant," is a disappointing way of saying, "Je l'offre à l'avenir qui chante."

Some of these are minor faults, and some are real blunders. None of them need have occurred, and they certainly make one more reason why it is better to read "Les Aubes" than "The Dawn." But Mr. Symons's version is nevertheless astonishingly good in portions. Some of the greater passages are rendered with a vigour, a subtlety, and an insight that reminds one how strong is the poetic force of the translator. The "Song of the Seer," where we find the rhyme we miss in the other verse portions, is as perfectly translated as its unearthly, inarticulate character permits. The whole of Hérénien's outburst, "O bitter, stirring, and rebellious life," is magnificently given. It is a spendidly concise autobiography of the hardy countryman, who came into the feeble, corrupted town, and suddenly was its hope:

> "I was the lightning shining at the window
> Where certain stood to watch the portents of the sky;
> And, less by any skill or any plans of mine
> Than by some unknown, wild supremacy of love
> For the whole wide world, I know not from my very self,
> I burst the bolts that held
> The brotherhood of man
> In prison walls."

There are other passages besides that need fear no comparison with the original.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW NOVEL.*

This story probably marks a stage in Mr. Crockett's career as a romancist. It is by no means his most readable book. It is not so full of genuine wildly possible incidents as "The Raiders," nor like "The Men of the Moss-Hags" is it filled after the fashion of Neil Blane's change-house, with folk whom a Scotsman, brushing aside a few unpicturesque generations, would at once feel himself at ease with. Even the Master of the Red Axe himself is not nearly so attractive a personality as the Scottish Iago—rather Henbane Glendinning allowed to put his theories of life into practice—who gives at once a name and a purpose to "The Grey Man." It shows in far too many passages that the hand of Mr. Crockett's master is still heavy upon him. "Under my hand lay the city. Even the feet of the watch made no clatter on the pavements. The fresh-fallen snow masked the sound. The kennels of the bloodhounds were silent, for their dreadful tenants were abroad that night on the Duke's work . . . I discerned discontent and rebellion rumbling and brooding over the city that clear, keen night of early winter. . . . He was a tall, smart, black-a-visèd man, with a huge hairy mole on his cheek, and long dog teeth, which showed at the sides of his mouth when he smiled." This is not quite Stevenson and water, but it is Stevenson minus Robert Louis. And yet "The Red Axe" seems to me to be superior in energy of movement, vigour of portraiture, and that originality which means a capacity to "make wonders from the familiar start," to anything Mr. Crockett has yet done. He has escaped from the prison of Scottish history, and when he

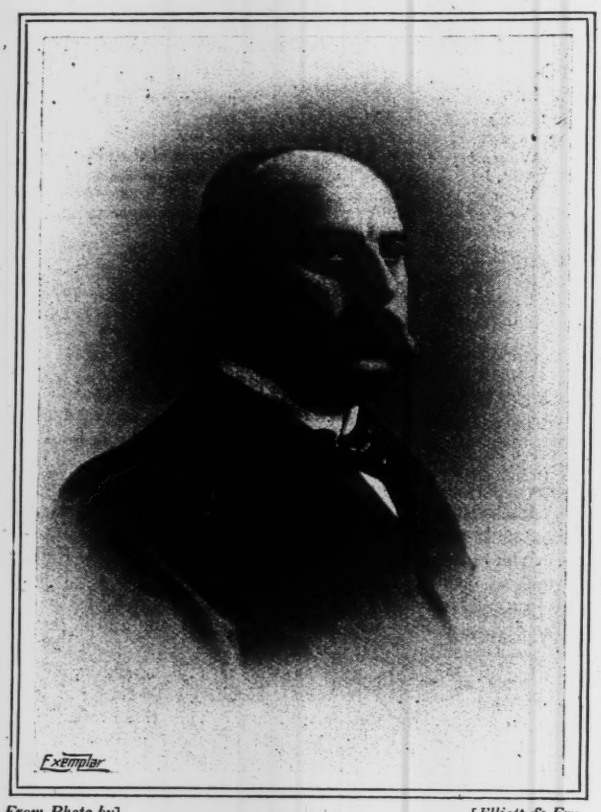
* "The Red Axe." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

has got rid of the bonds of Stevensonian mannerism we shall have the perfect Crockett. For one thing, he shows here as he has never done, his power of reproducing and placing side by side opposites, both in man and in woman. For example, there could hardly be anything better in its way than the contrast between the swaggering and murdering Duke Casmir and his executioner, who is at once his Mayor of the Palace and his Mephistopheles. Then Isolinde and Helene, the rival heroines, inevitably suggest Lilith and Eve. But Helene has a character and a temper of her own—so much so that one resents her being everlastingly styled "The Little Playmate." Mr. Crockett shows a nearer approach to subtlety than he has ever done before in keeping steadily before his readers the essential differences between two women who have nevertheless a few qualities in common. As a story "The Red Axe" flags here and there; occasionally even the fighting becomes tedious. But the spirited close, in which everything is cleared up and almost everybody is knocked down, atones for any deficiencies in the way of plot. Mr. Crockett is here at his most vigorous, and, indeed, as a romancist he is quite entitled to cut his own Gordian knots. "The Red Axe," in fact, shows that Mr. Crockett has discovered a little principality of fiction, for the possession of which no contemporary story-teller can challenge him. When he has become accustomed to his coronet, and has got rid of his present habit of drawing his sword in and out of its scabbard by way of demonstrating that he is master of his weapon, he will have a peaceful and successful reign.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE GREAT LORD BURGHLEY.*

We have little but praise for this excellent "study in Elizabethan statecraft." In his introduction the author states that he has endeavoured "to present a general view of the



From Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

COLONEL MARTIN A. S. HUME.

policy of the reign of Elizabeth, especially with relation to the influence exerted upon it by her principal minister." The task was not easy, for Elizabethan statesmanship may fitly be described as a network of intrigue, a series of plots and counter-plots, and ample material as there is now ready to the student's hand, it is extremely difficult to form a clear judgment of the politics and politicians of those days. When, on the death of her sister, Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, she was faced by a political situation more dangerous than has ever since faced the rulers of this country; at home all was chaos and confusion; in the North the great families were Roman Catholic, and weary though the Roman Catholics might be of the Marian persecution, they dreaded still more the religious revolution that the new Queen would probably endeavour to effect; the South, particularly London, was the stronghold of the Protestant party, which was quickly reinforced by returning exiles from the continent, who came home full of a bitter spirit of revenge; the country was poor and heavily in debt, commerce languished, the navy existed only in name, the outlook was hopeless; abroad the state of affairs was no better, England was embroiled, with Catholic Spain as an ally, in a war with France, which had cost the humiliating loss of Calais; Henry II. of France supported Mary of Scots in her claim to the English throne; well might Elizabeth have despaired, for unless she developed a strength which few women possess or unless she allied herself in marriage to her brother-in-law Philip of Spain, renouncing her Protestantism and betraying her Protestant subjects, her reign promised to be both brief and disastrous. But Elizabeth did possess the requisite ability, nerve, and steadfastness of purpose, and the still greater gift, granted to so few sovereigns, of choosing her servants with discretion and then—trusting them. Chief of those servants, in position, power and intellect, was Cecil, "wise, steady William Cecil." To hasten slowly was the only course that could be pursued with any hope of eventual prosperity; Cecil's love of the middle way gave the country time to take breath, the religious difficulty was avoided rather than met, commerce was encouraged and aided, and the forces of the country gradually put into effective order. In foreign politics, the Queen had either to be friend to France or to Spain, or else standing aloof to keep them apart; Major Martin Hume narrates very clearly not only the purpose that Cecil ever kept before him, peace and commercial prosperity, but also enables us to follow the tortuous policy which had to be adopted to achieve this end. Spain was Papal, but invaluable to us commercially, holding as she did Holland and Flanders; France was partly Papal, partly Huguenot, but France Cecil always distrusted; Scotland was the ally of France; with whom should we be friends and what price should we pay for the alliance? On the latter point Elizabeth's love of economy had always to be borne in mind; her hands were ever ready to receive but never quick to give, and from year to year the answer to the former question varied with the fortunes of countries and religions. But by 1568 "things had radically changed. Cecil could afford to speak boldly to Spain now." England had prospered during the years of peace, her commerce had thriven, her industrial production increased, and her shipping grown enormously, while abroad France and Spain were torn by internal factions. We cannot here trace the course of events that justified so thoroughly the policy of the Queen and her Secretary, the progress of Protestantism at home and on the continent, the fall of Mary of Scotland and her death, the long delayed rupture with Spain, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the final triumph of Cecil over his opponents. His policy was one of compromise, he faced the circumstances of each case as it arose, led astray by no high theories, but staunch to his one aim, the prosperity of England; hindered often by the jealousy of his rivals and not seldom by the womanly fickleness of his mistress, he held steadily on for the harbour for which he had set out, and before his dying hand relinquished the helm to his son, he knew that England was safe, "England was no longer in the leading-strings of France or Spain, but had, in the forty years of dexterous balance under Elizabeth and Burghley, attained full maturity and independence, with the consciousness of coming imperial greatness." We should never fail to recognise that from the reign of Elizabeth date many of the movements, social, political, and religious, that have done so much to make our country take a large and honourable place in the world's history.

While considering the public life of a statesman and weighing his policy, historians often forget to consider the character of the man; no man's mind is ruled by logic alone, and crafty, cautious, wise as Cecil was, he was not above human passion or untouched by human sentiment. Though Major Martin Hume gives us a few glimpses of Cecil's home life and private affairs, his book tends to make us consider Cecil too much as a political machine, instead of as a man with a vast aptitude for statecraft, not a statesman indeed of great imagination or great enthusiasms, but a clear-eyed, sober-minded Englishman, with a profound trust in God, his Queen, and himself—in

* "The Great Lord Burghley." By Martin A. S. Hume. 12s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

his own words, "a mixture of divinity and policy, preferring in policy her majesty before all others on earth, and in divinity the King of Heaven above all."

Many are the biographies of the "great" Lord Burghley, but none so clear, accurate, and concise as the volume we are reviewing; there is no period in English history so important and so fascinating as the reign of Elizabeth, and of the many great men who helped to make that reign memorable no one played a finer part than William Cecil; what that part was and how it was played Major Martin Hume shows us admirably well, the story progresses steadily from beginning to end, and we feel as we close the book that we have been in touch with great men and great deeds. W. T.-S.

DR. WITTE'S ESSAYS ON DANTE.*

It was an excellent idea which took shape in the production of this volume. The late Dr. Witte may be called without exaggeration the greatest of all Dante critics or commentators that so far have arisen; and it will probably be a long time ere his equal will be seen. As a boy he was of precocious genius —an account of him as a "wonderful youth" will be found in the "Annual Register" for 1815, or thereabouts—and before he was twenty he had begun to devote a large share of it to what was to be the main study of his life. That he was Professor of Law at Breslau and Halle seems as trifling a detail as that Rubens was an ambassador, or to take another modern instance, Grote a banker. At the age of twenty-three he published an essay on "The Misunderstanding of Dante," in which, as Mr. Wicksteed puts it, "he entered the lists against existing Dante scholars, demonstrated that there was not one of them that knew his trade, and announced his readiness to teach it them. The amazing thing is that he fully accomplished his vaunt."

In spite of this "game" beginning, Witte by no means belonged to the pugnacious order of commentators, from whom Dante has suffered as much as any of the great names in literature. Sane, sober, scholarly himself, he was at times only too tender to "cranks" and sciolists. His own work has stood the test of time marvellously. Of course, here and there further investigation laid some of his conclusions on points of detail open to revision even in his own lifetime—sixty years or nearly was the period of his activity—and he was the first to admit correction when that was the case. But his wider judgment on the general scope of Dante's work is, or ought to be, part of the mental equipment of every Dante student; and his method the model for all who essay to hand on the torch. Unfortunately, his most important work is in German, a language, perhaps not quite unnaturally, distasteful to many of those who were not born within the limits of its present extension. For this reason we welcome the present book. Miss Lawrence's rendering is on the whole admirable. Of course there are small errors here and there, but as a specimen of reconstructing the sentence while keeping the sense, we have seldom seen anything better. Mr. Wicksteed had an easier task with the Italian papers, but his Preface is interesting and his appended notes careful and valuable. A. J. BUTLER.

GLORIA MUNDI.†

Instinct as this book is with the love of life, sympathetic readers will be sure to give to whatever gospel or prominent sentiment it may contain something of the significance of farewell words. Their sympathy may lead them out of the strict paths of judgment, for "Gloria Mundi" does not represent very completely the power or the attitude to life of the gifted and regretted author. And still it is characteristic of one strong current of his being. "Illumination" stands yet as his highest achievement. Indeed, only in detached portions, these mostly reflective, does this story compare with that remarkably able book. It is a minor work of Mr. Frederic's of which we are reminded. "March Hares" is of inferior calibre, of course, but in this last story we feel the same burning desire for power to scatter pleasure with full hands, to endow friends, yea, all strugglers, with the desire of their hearts, as was noticeable in the more trifling book. The hero, Christian Tower, palpitates with this desire, and though we have to take leave of him on the first day when he has power to scatter largesse, we feel sure that he will radiate sunshine and be bountiful of chances to the less fortunate.

Perhaps the book fails to fulfil the promise of its title. There is hardly enough *gloria mundi* visible. But the story is fantastic enough to draw us out of an every-day temper. A young man bred in refined poverty abroad, is suddenly called to England, and told he is the heir to a dukedom and much wealth. From this high pinnacle of expectation he is shown the possibilities of his new fortunes. He can turn into a rowdy, brutal, hunting squire, like the majority of his relations; he can lead the life of a rich man of fashion in London; he can be a disciple of a philanthropic uncle and cousin, who have organised their vast wealth for the benefit of their dependents. From the first he instinctively recoils; the second tires him out. By the terribly minute System, the benevolent tyranny of the third, he is oppressed. In the end he chooses to be just his own good-natured self, neither fox-hunter, man of society, nor social missionary, something vague, a little priggish, but pleasant; perhaps his wife will help him to specialise. The duchess had been a capable, business-like type-writer, whom he first met on his journey to England. There must have been a good deal of Love, the real *gloria mundi*, to bring this unconventional marriage about, but it is a little obscured for us by the lady's ferocious manners.

Among the personages of the book are a few of excellent strength. The best are the brutal old duke, and his son and grandson, Lord Julius and Emanuel, regenerated by marriage with and descent from a noble-minded Jewess. The business-like, generous, and intolerant idealist, who gives the whole of himself to the service of man, or of such men as will be guided in their outgoings and incomings by the wisdom of another, has never been better painted than in Emanuel. But since we are never expected to approve of it, we are given just a little too much of the System, that benign and ingenious and picturesque method of bullying a countryside into ways of pleasantness and peace. The dream of the worthy man is so familiar to us since Mr. Morris wrote his "News from Nowhere" that a briefer indication of its main lines would have sufficed to let free-born Britons guess it was too fine and good for them. But the ideal that preceded the formulation of the System draws the sympathies of every lover of light and beauty. It rose out of revolt at what most men make of life.

> "From the cradle to the grave the race swarmed stupidly along, elbowing and jostling in an aimless bustle, hot and ill-tempered through exertions which had no purpose; trampling down all weaker than themselves, and cursing those who, in turn, had the strength to push them under; coming wearily at the end to the gate and the outer darkness of extinction, a futile and disappointed mob—having seen nothing, comprehended nothing, profited nothing. The measured progress of a generation across the span of life might be made so serene and well-ordered and fruitful an affair!"

"Gloria Mundi" has a strong topographical interest. In Shropshire and Somerset, but especially in the former, the scenes are laid, and those who have an interest in local history and kindred matters may find, if they will, in picturesque Salop, old stones like those which Mr. Frederic has used to make some part of his new edifice. Caermere is perhaps Moreton Corbet. The Toret, or Turret, family, one of the oldest in England, have given, at least, their name to the principal personages of the book. A. M.

MR. LEWIS HIND'S ROMANCE.*

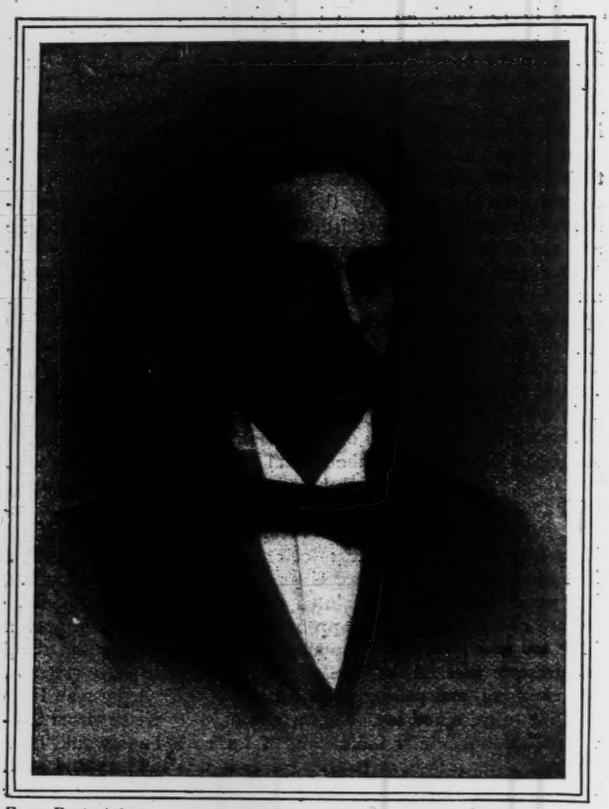
It is a proof of uncommon skill that two seemingly incongruous motives, and two wholly differing moods, have met and combined perfectly in this original book. The incidents are as unforeseen and as dazzling as those of the Arabian Nights. The pursuit of the famous jewel by mysterious Orientals and enterprising English journalists would make an excellent story by itself. But this jewel hunt, though it sends the story off with a fine impetus at the beginning, is only a minor thing. Even the Yellow Man and his strange companions with their secret comings and goings, and their mysterious sign of the triple flame, pale in interest before that of the Western woman, the Little Mother, as her intimates call her, otherwise Madame de Gruchy, many times millionaire. A dreaming idealist, she has gone through several phases of religious belief, and at last she looks to the East for inspiration. Her millions would be as

* "Essays on Dante." By Dr. Karl Witte. Translated and edited by C. Mabel Lawrence and Philip H. Wicksteed. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

† "Gloria Mundi." By Harold Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)

* "The Enchanted Stone. A Romance." By C. Lewis Hind. 6s. (Black.)

dross in her esteem, were it not they can bring the East with its wonderful dreams to her. And these dreams she would fain present an earthly shadow of. At least, an orientally-splendid symbol of the great truth has been reared by dark-skinned, turbaned workmen, on a Cornish site, before she finds, while she is dying, that symbols are vain, that revelations have no



From Photo by] MR. LEWIS HIND. *[Russell & Sons.*

special time or place. Mr. Hind has woven a romance, fantastic, audacious, and pathetic. It hardly bears to be summarised, but it bears very well the test of reading.

A HANDBOOK FOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETIES.*

This is just the book that many have long been waiting for. Every town, almost every Church, has it Literary Society, and all who are in any way connected with these institutions know by painful experience how hard it is to choose suitable subjects for debate, how hard it is to lay hands at a day or two's notice on books or articles dealing with the subject proposed. Mr. Gibson's admirable handbook is designed to help in meeting both difficulties. A large number of suggested or skeleton debates are given, and after each follows a list of most useful references. A chapter is devoted to directions for the guidance of chairmen—by no means a superfluous section—and there are hints and suggestions for the compilation of such essays as would be interesting to a Literary Society. The discussions are brought thoroughly up to date—we notice special reference to the new Vaccination Act—and altogether the handbook is calculated to meet the requirements of members of Literary and Debating Societies throughout the country.

THE AMBASSADOR.

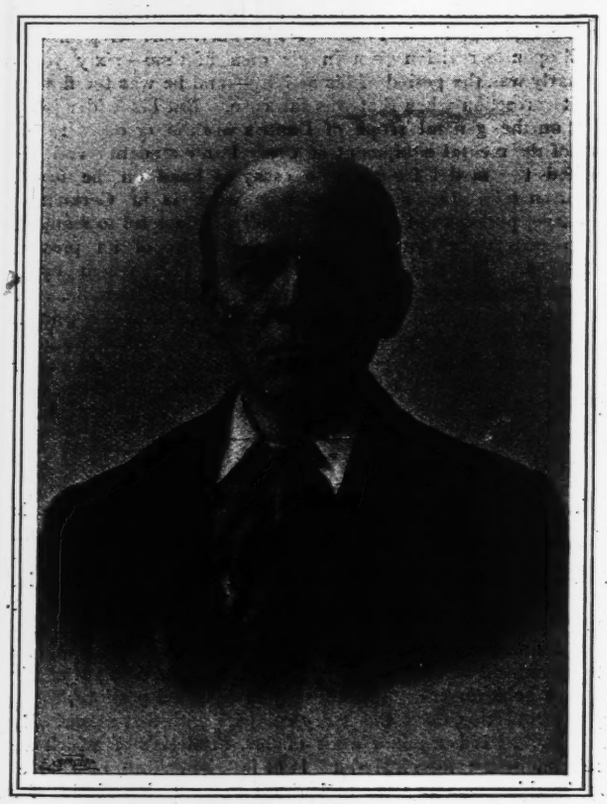
This play had a great success on the boards lately. Now we are asked to take it as literature. This seems to us a mistake, from the authoress's point of view, for it may add to the number of those whose judgment that the thing was much below John Oliver Hobbes's usual level, was silenced for a time by the unanimous acclamations of the dramatic critics. Frankly, it is a commonplace play, well, that is, correctly, but not interestingly, written. The wit is thin and obvious, and in sentiment it inclines too much to this kind of thing. "Hear the birds . . . How happy they must be! Winged creatures—nearer the sky than we are! *(Sighs).*" Still it kept the stage for a considerable time, and evidently gave pleasure. That is a retort we have no answer for. The very solemn preface of the writer does not help us much towards a fuller appreciation of the play. But one sentence in it strikes us: "Wit, philosophy, moral truths, poetic language—all these count as nothing unless there is feeling of an obvious, ordinary kind." A great truth, rather too literally applied in "The Ambassador."

* "Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies." By Laurence M. Gibson, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "The Ambassador." A Comedy in Four Acts. By John Oliver Hobbes. 3s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

MR. MACLAREN COBBAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is long since a historical novel of such grip and such serious interest as this has passed through our hands. Most romances of the kind are begun and continued under the happy-go-lucky conviction that the less a story-teller knows of the history of a period, the better will his story of the period be; that much knowledge is dangerous to the vitality of fiction. They overlook the fact that the two greatest masters in their line, Scott and Dumas, were learned historians. Mr. Cobban takes Scott as his model. There is nothing flimsy in his latest book. It is a substantial contribution to the popular knowledge of the career of the hero, the great Montrose, and the religious and political questions of his time. At the worst, such a plan gives us the good stuff of truth. But there is no need to face even a modified worst here, for Mr. Cobban's artistic arrangement of events, his portrayal of character and his scene-painting—are excellent. We should do the book wrong in the eyes of a large mass of readers by recommending it for its painstaking array of facts and its shrewd judgments on actual events. As a story it is quite safe and sure entertainment. It will be observed, and perhaps with some disappointment at first, that it by no means covers the whole career of the Great Marquis. Before the end he has had his interview with the king; but the main portion is concerned with his efforts to work along with



MR. J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

the Covenant Lords, not the most brilliant period of his life, of course. For the consolation of readers we can say, on good authority, that "The Angel of the Covenant" is only the first

* "The Angel of the Covenant." By J. Maclaren Cobban. 6s. (Methuen.)

of three novels which Mr. Cobban proposes to devote to the history of his hero.

Adhering closely to facts as he does, and being careful to show up not merely their broad outlines, but also the fine shades of character and policy of the historic actors in the drama, he leaves himself nevertheless abundant freedom in the narration of the more intimate incidents, and in the invention of personages. So far as we know, the sensational incident of Lady Katherine Graham's supreme expiatory sacrifice is an invention. It is ingenious, and impressive in a somewhat melodramatic fashion. History, even family history, we believe, keeps silence on her career after she ran away with her brother-in-law, Sir John Colquhoun. Mr. Cobban is, we think, happier in his imaginings of the "Angel," Maudlin Keith, of her lively mother, and of that shrewd, excellent Aberdonian, Alec Burnet, Montrose's staunch henchman and the teller of the tale. But whether we consider the story, the comment, or the characters, we must come to the conclusion that the book is a most promising introduction to an interesting series.

NOVEL NOTES.

MEGGOTSBRAE. By Halliday Rogers. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

There lingers a very delicate and a very real charm around these portraits and memories of Meggotsbrae. The keynote of the stories seems to us to be a peculiarly restrained and reticent, and therefore a peculiarly appealing, pathos. The pathos is suggested in many subtle ways; it is never exaggerated or outwardly emotional. Not that there is any trace of coldness or aloofness in Halliday Rogers' writing. We realise in no uncertain manner that the sympathy and pity which touch us at the quick are too sacred and sincere for open display. They did not wear their hearts on their sleeves in Meggotsbrae—they spent not a little of their time in covering from the vulgar gaze their souls' sorrow—but Halliday Rogers has let us hear the sob of pity that echoed through Auntie Ann's fiercest denunciations, let us catch a glimpse of warm kindliness hidden behind her somewhat forbidding presence.

It must not be imagined that "Meggotsbrae" is a depressing book. It abounds in delightfully humorous touches. Nothing could be more amusing, for example, than the description of the "procedure" against the Free Kirk minister who appeared in the pulpit wearing a ring, or the letter from Elspeth Hislop "to a lady with whom one is anxious to be on terms of friendship." Halliday Rogers has blended comedy and tragedy with a masterly hand, and the result is that her portraits are those of men and women who live. At the close of the book we feel at home in Meggotsbrae. In the whole village there is only one man—the Professor—we are not anxious to meet again. Halliday Rogers evidently cherishes a special admiration for the great Saunders, but to our mind he is something of a prig.

Altogether, Meggotsbrae is a very attractive book. In the North it is sure to win many friends, for as a sympathetic and faithful picture of Scottish country life it is equal to anything in "Kailyard" fiction. The style is individual and finished, and there are many passages in the book that one turns to again for the sake of their happy phrasing. Every reader of the book will add some Meggotsbrae portrait to his gallery of the men and women of fiction who are worth remembering.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Pearson.)

When Mr. Burgin wrote this he was overflowing with a desire to present as strong a contrast to a churlish world as possible. The people of *his* world, even the not altogether deserving, only experience poverty that the good things showered on them may taste the sweeter. The humble but hearty banquetings, the sudden apparition of fortune on the dim London horizon, the idealisation of neighbourly kindness as being the virtue of virtues, are all very cheering. The spirit of Dickens is abroad. The plan of the story, the characters—Stapleton, the reformed lawyer; Mrs. Rhead, the landlady, with a bark so much worse than her bite; her runaway husband, who returns a millionaire, and disguises himself as the dustman till her favour is assured; Chicks, the charming child; and Sir Lancelot, the fighting cat, so gentle when home from the wars—are all marked with the good Dickens brand, and our hearts warm in their company. Edna the saint is depressing, but she is the only lowering influence in the story. "Settled out of Court" is not a book to be finely critical of. It soothes our tempers, makes us think of old traditional Christmases, and of the London of Boz, a more neighbourly London than many find that of to-day.

NANNO. By Rosa Mulholland. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Lady Gilbert's latest story may have been written with a definite philanthropic purpose. At all events, its sweeping criticism of the upbringing of children in barrack unions will not pass unnoticed. But from the novel reader's point of view this purposeful indignation does not spoil it. It is first of all the study of an individual character, and only secondly an appeal, though a strong one, for the more enlightened treatment of the children of the State. Nanno is an Irish girl who rubs off by her own energy the pauper taint, and works her own regeneration. Away from the scene of her early innocent fall, she wins love and a fair, free chance in life. It is emphatically an Irish story, an Irish Catholic story. It is not

From Photo by [*Chancellor.*

ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT.)

true for England, and we cannot altogether say we wish it were. The girl, when she has made a place for herself among self-respecting folks, rejects an honest and affectionate man's love, because she dare not tell him of the unhappy circumstances of her girlhood; and afterwards refuses the love of another, quite as honest, and who, knowing all, is full of sympathy for her, because she feels her early conditions and history have set her apart from the full consolations of domestic life. It is terribly austere. We wonder remotely at the tale, but recognise that Nanno's moral ideal is seriously held by many of her faith, and that some there are who walk in its light.

WINDYHAUGH. By Graham Travers (Margaret G. Todd, M.D.). 6s. (Blackwood.)

In her earlier work Miss Todd showed convincingly enough that she had that faculty for telling a story in an interesting fashion which, apart from every other merit or demerit, is sufficient to command at least a transient popularity. It remained to be seen whether she could write work that would last, write not merely a "nice" book, but a strong book—write literature. It seems to us that in "Windyhaugh" she has gone a long way towards doing so, if indeed she has not succeeded altogether. She sees clearly and describes accurately, and her standpoint is rational, human, and sane. The opening chapters describing the doctrinal difficulties and religious struggles of a solitary girl-child, brought up by a severe grandmother under the strictest rule of Scottish orthodoxy, are as

true a picture of child-life under certain conditions as could be given. It is commoner than might be supposed for a child reared in an atmosphere of theology to spend sleepless nights in terror of the Day of Judgment, and weary, worried days in the grip of the mysteries of Predestination. And all Wilhelmina's subsequent development is equally true and convincing. Her letter to Enid, declining her invitation and renouncing worldly vanities, is simply perfect—the inevitable outcome of her character and her upbringing. Then, again, she wears her heart upon her sleeve, not from any lack of reserve in her nature, but from simple ignorance of the art of coquetry, and her adoration for a clever but somewhat priggish youth is one of the most natural touches in the book. His attitude to her is equally well done. The superior tone at first, half interest and half patronage, the sudden affection for—well, for a pink muslin frock, and the subsequent discovery that adoration in a tasteless gown becomes wearisome, have all the same inevitableness. He is a somewhat thin-blooded and puny-hearted youth, this Harley Brentwood, though conscientious and undeniably a gentleman (except for a somewhat doubtful letter to his sister). No doubt Wilhelmina's passionate nature and intellectual force would have found a more fitting mate in Carmichael, the minister; but it is to the credit of Miss Todd's insight that the story develops as it does. The motto of the book might well have been the old saying: "Men love kneeling; when they get up they go away," and the latter part shows how Wilhelmina brought her husband to this becoming attitude.

There are many capital character studies besides Harley and Wilhelmina. That of the girl's father, George Galbraith, is stronger than either—is perhaps the best bit of work in the book. Enid, the lady of fashion and luxury, is well realised, and there is an old grocer at Windyhaugh whose theology, in its influence upon the heroine, provides the salt and savour of the whole book. It is in character-drawing that Miss Todd excels, but she by no means fails in the other accessories of her work. She can represent widely differing sets of circumstances with fidelity and skill; she can be entertaining, she can be moving, she can even be sarcastic when occasion requires. Her book is an eminently successful piece of work. We congratulate her upon this new proof of her steadily developing power.

NEIL MACLEOD. A Tale of Literary Life in London. By L. Gladstone. 6s. (Hodder.)

To warn young literary aspirants of the dangers and pitfalls that await them in that enchanted land of London—to which their steps sooner or later inevitably turn—is no more than the duty of those more experienced. Every day young men are coming up, little guessing how much of heartbreak and disillusionment may be awaiting them. But these are not the severest tests, nor is it these that this writer chooses to deal with. He discusses that still severer trial of moral calibre—success. Neil Macleod has made a hit, and becomes immediately the darling of would-be literary society, wastes his time in gaieties and entertainments, and turns his back upon his duty. He is redeemed at last through the influence of the woman who loves him, and whom he has almost forgotten. The purpose of the book is a valuable and excellent one, the story itself is interesting, and the manner of writing has an ease and freedom which carry the reader pleasantly on from beginning to end.

THE LAUREL WALK. By Mrs. Molesworth. 6s. (Isbister.)

Mrs. Molesworth has a pleasant and a facile pen. She writes brightly about three very human and very lovable girls, whose troubles include poverty and a valetudinarian father. There is a ghost and a lost will to complete the interest, and the girls settle down happily at last with plenty of money and husbands who are not valetudinarians. It is a wholesome, simple story, excellent in tone, bright and readable.

THE ALTAR OF LIFE. By May Bateman. 6s. (Duckworth.)

There is an interesting motive to this story. A distinguished soldier is cashiered for alleged neglect of his duty. A woman sticks to him, faces the world with him, and pointing to fields of energy still left, convinces him that he can conquer new worlds for his country. Another woman, who has wrought his disgrace, looks on the while, hardly feeling she has triumphed. There is a good deal of talent, too, in the narrative, and plenty of discrimination in the characters. Something in the style may repel fastidious readers. There is bombast and there is sentimentality, and a fanatic habit of quotation from contemporary writers. We are mostly glad to hear what Miss Bateman has to say, but select extracts from Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. James, *Chapman's Magazine*, and "La Poupée" we prefer to make for ourselves.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST. By Eden Philpotts. 6s. (Innes and Co.)

Mr. Eden Philpotts has almost succeeded in producing a great novel. There is something altogether uncommon in the scope and style of "Children of the Mist." The one weakness of the book is its minuteness. The canvas is too large and too thickly peopled for elaborate effects, and although every figure is drawn in strong individual lines, there is just lacking the coherence that would have put the crowd in living motion. Never before, save perhaps in the pages of "Lorna Doone," a book which we have constantly in our mind in reading "Children of the Mist"—and this alone is surely no small praise—have the people of Devon been portrayed so sympathetically, yet with such unerring faithfulness. There is a wealth of tragedy in this

From Photo by] MR. EDEN PHILPOTTS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

untutored, earthy humanity of the English farmlands. Mr. Eden Philpotts' characters are men and women of primitive passions, coarse and brutal, if you will, but moulded on heroic lines. The story of their loves and their hates, of the tragedy and comedy of their lives, is worth reading, told as it is with remarkable power and literary beauty, and the large pity of a man who understands. Mr. Eden Philpotts has already done good work, "Children of the Mist" places his name high in the list of those of whom we have great expectations.

THE CASTLE INN. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

In his new novel Mr. Weyman offers a very happy blend of his two manners—the severely historical and the ultra-romantic. "The Castle Inn" affords a perfect picture of the times—so did "Shrewsbury." But Mr. Weyman's last book was dull reading, whereas "The Castle Inn" is as exciting and thrilling a story as anything he has written. They were bluff days when "the third George, whom our grandfathers knew in his dotage, was a young and sturdy bridegroom, when *bore* and *boreish* were words of *haut ton*, unknown to the vulgar, and the price of a borough was £5,000," but they fathered *men*, and Mr. Weyman has woven into them a story that makes us feel how much of

romance and heroism and pluck has gone from us in the passing of a century.

MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH. By Joseph Hocking. 6s. (James Bowden.)

This is a capital historical romance, certainly the best that has come from Mr. Joseph Hocking's pen. There is a swing and a dash in it that no reader can withstand. Mr. Weyman has given us no more manly or daring hero than Roger Trevanion, no more attractive or charming heroine than Nancy Molesworth. The plot of the story is excellent, and managed with great skill, the characters well defined and original, the historical setting interesting but never too obtrusive. No one expects a detailed account of such a book. It is enough to say that there is not a dull page between its covers.

THE CHILD OF PLEASURE. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated from the Italian by Georgina Harding, with an introduction and verse translations by Arthur Symons. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"Il Piacere," here translated under the title, "The Child of Pleasure," is the first of the celebrated trilogy of Romances of the Rose, of which "The Triumph of Death" is the concluding volume. The criticism we offered on the appearance of "The Triumph of Death" applies with equal force to this new rendering. It does not come within our province to review "Il Piacere"; it is mere waste of time to discuss "The Child of Pleasure," for D'Annunzio did not write it. In the original, and, indeed, in the French version which Miss Harding is said to have followed, D'Annunzio's novel is a study in passions, animal passions, the like of which is hardly to be found in literature. It is inevitable, almost terrible, in its conclusiveness. Gabriele D'Annunzio has his methods, and they are not those of the staccato impressionist. He is diffuse and verbose, no doubt, but an adequate picture of passion cannot be drawn by merely cataloguing sensations. It is in the absolute completeness of his exposure that lies his power, a power which becomes almost moral in his ruthless, remorseless picture of immorality, of the tragedy of ever unsatisfied desire. Miss Harding has so emasculated the book by expurgation and by abridgment that this completeness wastes away in her English version. "The Child of Pleasure" is unsatisfactory because it is unconvincing. It was never attractive reading, now it is merely suggestively unpleasant. Naturally we offer no defence for the publication of an English translation of "Il Piacere"—that is not our affair. If it is out of the question to issue an exact English version of D'Annunzio's novel—and it certainly is—is it just to the author or to the public to offer such a book as "The Child of Pleasure," in which the very essence of the original is lacking?

MAM'ZELLE GRAND'MERE: A Frivolity. By Fifine. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The title is certainly attractive, and we could have imagined it introducing a very pretty story. The sub-title contradicts the suggestion of idealism, but still leaves room for a vivacious charm. And again, the title of the first chapter carries us with expectation into the heart of the business. But alas, it is but a cankered heart, for Grannie is something very like an adventuress, who pays no bills and lives on nothing a year—or on £700, which is the same thing in the eyes of a lady whose test of the true gentleman is expressed in the words, "By their boots ye shall know them." Of course, the book is lively, sometimes witty, and generally entertaining. If it had not been so, it would have had no *raison d'être* whatever. People who like this sort of thing will enjoy the book as a whole, and anybody may enjoy, say, half of it.

THE CLEARER VISION. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The first of these stories, or studies—"Herb of Grace"—fulfils what is evidently the purpose and design of them all, with a power and completeness positively fearsome. We question whether women (whose last privilege and sole defence is supposed to be their ability to reveal as much or as little of their hearts as they please) will quite appreciate Miss Mayne's ruthless analysis, or care to have the soul feminine "cut deep down the middle" and its inner courses laid bare to the inspection of the vulgar, like a halved melon in a greengrocer's window. For of the piercing accuracy of delineation in Miss Mayne's third chapter there can be no question. There are phrases—sentences—on these pages positively startling in their unshrinking fidelity. Undoubtedly "Herb of Grace," is a striking and an able and a clear-sighted bit of work, more than sufficient to justify the somewhat ambitious title of the volume. It has its shortcomings, but it has its manifest and exceptional power, a power which, in this case, lies chiefly in an unusual courage of unreserve. The rest of the book is on quite a different plane, and we do not feel disposed to expend many words upon it. To tell the truth, we do not find any trace of "Clearer Vision" in it, but only that pernicious idea against which even an anonymous reviewer may be permitted to protest—that the clearest vision is that which is the keenest to detect banality and that insight is merely an aptness for detecting flaws. What is there to awake pity or contempt in "A Lost Leader"? Only that a pretty girl married an ugly man, loved him, and was happy. As it stands it is a bright and pleasing little story. It is the writer's attitude we criticise, the tone of disparagement, as if love, and wifehood, and motherhood were but a poor business for a woman. Who was wrong in "One Near One"? Not the

From Photo by [*Guy & Co., Cork.*

MISS ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE.

man, and not Fate. Rather the irritating woman with her intolerable fetish of "intuition," who persistently poked an interfering forefinger into the fibres of her husband's soul. But surely a woman of such preternatural keenness of perception would have known the primary law of friendship—most of all imperative in any relation between man and woman—to respect one another's silences! In the "Programmes" we grant there is banality enough. And, unfortunately, society and humanity have their banal side. But what end is served by insisting upon it through so many pages of print? Why draw a smearing finger over any of the sweetness of life? Apparently we cannot see it but through some medium, and a glamour, to say the least, is no falser than a gloom.

THE MINISTER'S CONVERSION. By I. Hooper. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

This is in many respects a clever book. It has considerable dramatic force, gives an accurate though not a finely shaded picture of village life, and an amusing, if one-sided, view of a certain type of Nonconformity. The minister, with his stern and narrow views of life and duty, mistaking mere human selfishness for religious zeal; Brother Brooke, who had got "entire sanctification" but hated Brother Southgate; Kris Lee, weak, handsome, and incorrigible, are all distinct and convincing characters. The heroine herself, however, is rather a failure. She is a paper and ink person, and never existed

outside the covers f a book. But apart from the detailed faults and excellences of the story, we are disappointed. This is not what we hoped for from the author of "His Grace o' the Gunne." There was something wholesome, generous, and high-toned about that story. This one is in a less healthy tone, is a little ungenerous, and develops in a manner neither pleasant nor edifying. Why should it be so? The writer has the ability to command a worthier and more honourable success. It seems a pity to forego it for the sake of a thrilling, even a sensational dramatic effect.

AN HUNGARIAN NABOB. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain.

This novel was published fifty years ago, and the Hungarian romancer has written countless tales since then. But it is impossible to say that he has travelled very far from his early methods and ideals. This story is particularly characteristic of

his special powers, and though it is not the best of those that have been rendered in English, it contains passages he has never surpassed. An untiring inventiveness, a bizarre humour, an industry in the collection of materials from every source, and a steady romantic light shining through all his effort – these are the qualities which have won him fame outside his own country; of course, Hungary owes him other debts. He just misses being great, for he has all the tenacity and the resourcefulness of Dumas. His cleverness is enormous, but you can never call his best powers by a better name. This is a story of old-fashioned Hungary, well worth reading for the insight it gives into the rough jollity, the wild horse-play, the barbarism, and the simplicity amidst lavish extravagance, that were features of Hungarian country life in the old days. The lively Nabob, John Kárpáthy, is a delightful personage. We feel old Hungary must have died with him, and we cannot echo all his pious desires that his little son may grow up altogether unlike him. Mr. Bain confesses to have cut out a third of the book. A third more than is given us would have made a very long story; but then he might have cut more skilfully. There are puzzling gaps not well bridged over at all. And while we are grateful for what Mr. Bain has done to render Jókai accessible to us, and share not a little of his admiration for the Hungarian romance writer, we think he is mistaken in his "intimate conviction that, of all Continental novelists, he is most likely to appeal to healthy English tastes"; at least, he is mistaken in his dogmatic assertion of it.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SOLICITOR. By Weatherby Chesney. 2s. 6d. (Bowden.)

This is a collection of the weirdest extravagances it has ever been our lot to read. And among them surely that of the Mechanical Burglar takes the first place. Imagine an artificial figure of a man, moved by clockwork and so constructed as to make a straight line for gold, silver, or jewels, and return with them to his owner! Of course, his and the other stories are grotesquely, absurdly impossible. Still, they are just the sort of thing that many people find amusing and entertaining.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS. By Alison McLean. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

Miss McLean's choice of subjects reminds us a little of Miss Wilkins, and sometimes where she is at her best, her treatment too has a suggestion of Miss Wilkins' earlier manner. Miss McLean has not Miss Wilkins' power, but she has something of her charm, and she has her purity and sweetness of thought. These stories are very simple and very sincere; their religious feeling is deep and tender, and their humanity of the kindliest quality. It is pleasant and refreshing to come across work of such a fresh and genuine simplicity.

THE MAWKIN OF THE FLOW. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. 6s. (Unwin.)

There is something deliciously exhilarating about "The Mawkin of the Flow." The pungent, bracing air of the Galloway uplands breathes in every page. Even when the tale lingers sadly among "the dowie dens o' Yarrow," the romance that clings about that mournful stream is touched with the hot, fighting spirit of the hillmen. It is a healthy, breezy story of the old reiving days in the Debateable Land, when the "bold Buccleuchs" were chiefs of the Lowlands. And the best of it is that it is pure romance, with not an attempt at a disillusionising realism. Marjorie Graeme of Auchenrivock is lovelier and more bewitching than ever mortal woman was, and is worshipped by brave Hector and faithful Rob, with a devotion proportionately ideal. It warms the blood to read about them, and that is just the value of romance in these prosaic days. But a great part of the charm lies in the writer's simple, forcible, expressive style. He writes in the quaint, old-world idiom already familiar in romances of this class, and his characters use the strong and expressive vernacular of the Solway shores. But whether it be the tale or the manner of telling, we have seldom enjoyed a book so much. Its vigour, its freshness, its tenderness, the pathetic fidelity of the little Mawkin, the truth and loyalty and generosity of the men, rough and even barbarous though they may appear, win our frank and enthusiastic admiration. The author has done good work already, but, surely, none better than this.

LORD ERNEST HAMILTON.

THE KEY OF THE HOLY HOUSE. By Albert Lee. 6s. (Pearson.)

To say that this tale deals with the horrors of Spanish rule in the Netherlands is enough to prepare the reader for thrilling sensation. The "Holy House" was the name given to the Inquisition at Antwerp, and the dreaded Familiars creep with stealthy deathboding step through every street of the old town and every page of the lurid tale. For a short time the scene shifts to England, and we stand in the presence of Queen Elizabeth herself, and hear her conversation with a certain favoured gallant addressed as "Sir Walter." We have the satisfaction, too, of seeing the warrant signed which commits the perfidious Spaniard to the Tower. But many dangers have to be faced, many imprisonments and tortures undergone, many plots laid, before the Prince of Orange appears to restore the liberties of his country. Fiction can hardly exaggerate the atrocities of Alva's rule. Those who enjoy reading of horrors will find something to their mind here.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

NELSON'S TEACHERS' BIBLES. From 4s. 6d. to 35s. 6d. (Nelson.)

For completeness, usefulness, beauty of print and paper, and tastefulness of binding, we know of no Teachers' Bibles which can compare with Messrs. Nelson's editions. We have before us the Minion 16mo Bible, probably the most popular of all the sizes issued, and it would indeed be an impossible task to suggest any improvement. The Bible Treasury to be found at the end of each Teachers' Bible affords an invaluable series of "Helps," giving as it does, methodically arranged in condensed and convenient form, the results of modern Biblical research, tabulated by the foremost scholars of the day. The illustrations, which number no less than 350, are the best of the kind we have ever seen, wonderfully executed considering the difficulties of printing on a paper necessarily thin. There is a concordance, and Subject Index containing references to the text, and marginal readings of both the Authorised and the Revised versions, and a number of excellent maps. Altogether Messrs. Nelson's Teachers' Bibles are, in every way, among the most comprehensive and most convenient ever issued.

THROUGH ARCTIC LAPLAND. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 10s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is a fortunate man. We believe it is his proud boast that he makes a point of covering at least ten thou-

From Photo by] MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE. *[Bassano.*

sand miles of new ground every year. When, a few months ago, the *Windward* carried recruits and supplies to the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition after their second winter amongst the polar ice, she carried, too, as passengers, Mr. Cecil Hayter, "who drew pictures for this book, and another man, who wrote it." These passengers had but a vague idea of the scope of their expedition, and it was only by a piece of good luck that they stumbled, quite ignorant of what lay before them, across the one bit of Europe which has not been "pilloried on paper at one time or another." It was a long, and at times a wearisome journey across Arctic Lapland, but if the pioneers—it is a proud title, but they have a rightful claim to it—enjoyed their trip as much as we have enjoyed their account of it, they must have had a delightful time. We have seldom read a livelier and more entertaining book of travels. It is written in the brightest of humour. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne and Mr. Hayter never seem to suffer from dulness, and they even saw the amusing side of the "Land of Horrible Flies." A man who can laugh in the face of a swarm of mosquitoes has something of the heroic in his nature, and when he has for companion in his wanderings such an accomplished artist as Mr. Hayter, whose pictures add immensely to the interest and value of this volume, it is inevitable that he should produce a book which will be read with enjoyment from cover to cover.

BRUSHWORK STUDIES OF FLOWERS, FRUIT AND ANIMALS, for Teachers and Advanced Students. By Elizabeth C. Yeats. (Philip)

This is an excellent continuation to Miss Yeats's earlier book, "Brush Work," which was designed for the guidance of more elementary students. But each of the books is complete in itself. When one compares the methods illustrated here with the old niggling fashions of teaching drawing and painting, one must hope that work like Miss Yeats's will receive wide encouragement from those concerned with the education and artistic training of children. To kindergarten teachers and students the books should be of great service. Broad, strong effects, the cultivation of an intelligent eye and a sure hand, are the results aimed at. The directions given are those of the practical teacher who has encountered all difficulties. It should be said that the beautiful designs in colour, given at different stages, are not meant to be copied; they are illustrations of a method artistically true and carefully developed. To the publishers great credit is due for the excellence of the colour printing.

LITERARY PARABLES. By T. W. H. Crosland. (Unicorn Press.)

Mr. Crosland has a very pretty talent for stating the conditions of the literary world in as many words as most writing folks use pages. He holds no brief for the brethren of his profession specially, but looks out impartially from the eyes of poets successful and unsuccessful, and from those of the public. His attitude is generally commonsensible and humorous.

"'The people are entirely soulless,' quoth a poet.

"'Yet if you and I do not in some way touch them, we perish,' quoth another."

One of the parables, entitled "Classification," is wholesome reading for the critics.

"The morning stars sang together.

"And a person of delicate ear and nice judgment discussed the singing at length, and showed how and wherein one star differed from another, and which was great and which was not.

"And still the morning stars sang together."

DRIFT FROM LONGSHORE. By A Son of the Marshes. Edited by J. A. Owen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This "Son of the Marshes" is already well known as a naturalist, of a patience and enthusiasm hardly inferior to those of good old Gilbert White himself. Some of his readers have, it seems, complained that in former books the localities have been too vaguely indicated. In this, the topographical details are given with the greatest exactitude. The volume is a collection of graceful essays in which the habits of birds and beasts form the primary interest and those of human beings only the secondary. They are written in a quiet and pleasant style. The writer's taste for contemplation, to which he probably owes the repose of his literary manner, is at once suggested in such words as these—"The heron, when protected, will fish by day; I have watched him at it for hours." The book will be read with pleasure by all who care for a restful and unexciting style, and with keen interest and enjoyment by those who share the writer's distinctive tastes.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY. 6s. (Smith, Elder)

Readers of the *Cornhill* will have a special welcome for this modestly-bound little volume. Within its unobtrusive green cover it holds some three hundred delightful pages, beautiful to look at, charming to re-read. That there were critics who thought the diarist dull we know very well. But we know too of readers who awaited each new instalment with impatience and were conscious of a distinct blank when the list of contents no longer contained the eagerly expected title. By such the volume will be highly prized. There has been some pruning; most of the nonsense verses are gone and some other things which we would have been quite content to see again. But our old friend and his family are still there, and we are glad to have them with us once more.

A PRISONER OF FRANCE. The Memoirs, Diary, and Correspondence of Charles Boothby, Captain Royal Engineers, during his last campaign. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

Captain Boothby, afterwards the Rev. Charles Boothby, had in some respects, as even that preliminary alternative will show, a remarkable career. This volume of memoirs begins with the Battle of Talavera, where the young officer received a wound in the leg which involved its amputation. Being thus disabled for military service he entered at Oxford, took deacon's orders, and was presented to a Lincolnshire living which he held for thirty years. The diaries and letters here printed belong chiefly to the years 1809-10, while the writer was a prisoner of war in Spain and France. The recollections are of a very detailed and personal description. The particulars of his illness, the methods of military surgery, his conversations with the various individuals with whom he was brought in contact, letters written by him to certain French officers and their replies, are all given *in extenso*. And all through there is one leading idea, and that is to pay honour to the courtesy and kindness of the French. The book has the human interest that attaches to any personal narrative. The point of view is not a common one, and there is about it a naive egotism which sits naturally and therefore attractively upon an ingenuous youth of twenty-three. The qualities of the book are not literary, but notwithstanding its looseness of construction, its lack of proportion, and its diffuseness, it is a book which many will dip into with a certain quiet kind of pleasure.

THE SPORTSWOMAN'S LIBRARY. Edited by Frances E. Slaughter. 2 vols. 25s. (A. Constable and Co.)

It takes two bulky volumes to hold even the beginnings of an account of all the sports in which the modern Englishwoman may take part—a convincing proof, if any were needed, that she is under no bondage regarding the exercise of her muscles. Many people, we fancy, who have been accustomed to look on this freedom as a modern development, will be surprised by Miss Slaughter's first chapter, wherein we are told that hunting was a favourite amusement with the convent sisters and "religious" women generally of the Middle Ages. It was only, it seems, during the eighteenth century that "the prowess of women suffered an eclipse," and for the credit of our day we are assured that "it is during the last ten years that women have become a power in the land in the matter of sport." The credit for this emancipation from the thraldom of sampler and broidery frame, Miss Slaughter gives loyally to Queen Victoria, who followed the hounds enthusiastically in her girlhood and so gave "a stimulus to the position of the sex."

Each form of sport is dealt with by a separate writer, and, therefore, the chapters are of very varying excellence—from the merely literary point of view, that is—for each is first-rate on its subject. Mrs. Burns on Fox-hunting is as racy as one could wish. We have read every word with interest, and we are no fox-hunters. The chapters on Archery are capital, full of practical, useful advice; Mrs. Beren's remarks on the point of aim meet a very common difficulty, and reprove a very common negligence among lady archers.

But the best thing about the book is that it is emphatically a woman's book—written by women and for women. The hints and suggestions it contains meet the case in a way that printed advice generally does not. These ladies, most of them, make no attempt at literary style, but write chattily and breezily, and tell their sister sportswomen just the little things they want to know. We strongly recommend the book to all who aspire to be described as "first-rate out of doors."

AURORA LEIGH. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New Edition. With Prefatory Note by Algernon Charles Swinburne. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

"Aurora Leigh" is good to read over again, and there should be many of the new generation introduced to it through this charming edition. Mr. Swinburne says of it, "It is one of the longest poems in the world, and there is not a dead line in it." And in saying so, he is not over-enthusiastic. For while you may coldly criticise some of its characters and incidents, the feeling beneath them is still alive and glowing. And how high is the general level of the workmanship! But while Mr. Swinburne is so warmly appreciative of the poetic value of the book, he carps needlessly at the story. "A young lady of family," he says, "who lodges by herself in Grub Street, preserves her reputation, lives on her pen, and dines out in Mayfair, is hardly a figure for serious fiction." Oh, but the young lady of family or otherwise does all that and more nowadays.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

3. MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.

4. Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.

5. The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. B. C.—Your point of view is original and opens up great possibilities, though your ultimate intention is not quite evident from this section. The treatment I admire. The difficulty is to maintain the high level demanded by the subject. Occasional weak lines and commonplace phrases jar upon the reader, the more so because most of the work is excellent. Contrast lines 5-7 on page 5, or almost any part of page 11 with (say) page 18. Accept my congratulations on your appointment. Are you sure the book was sent?

A. W. W.—Your verses are pleasing, though without special originality.

CORRA LYNN.—You write well. You should not have much difficulty in placing this, especially as you say the tale is true. People are specially interested in French military life at present.

ECREHON.—This is hardly an improvement on the last. The archaic manner is very artificial and amateurish. Be careful with your English; you say "hither" in mistake for "hence," and again, in mistake for "here." Do not think of publishing yet. You have a great deal to learn, if you mean to make your writing anything more than a recreation. Your plots are all right; it is the working out that is feeble.

JOAN HERIOT.—Your story has a sort of superficial interest, but nothing more. I have no doubt that, with practice, you could turn out such tales by the dozen, and perhaps get them accepted by some of the weekly story papers. To reach even this moderate standard, however, you would have to keep a firmer grip on the probabilities. The father, the brother, and the betrothed have all had to act with an extraordinary lack of common sense and reason in order to make a story at all. You write with considerable ease and correctly as a rule, but your conversations are conventional and you use "convicted" for "accused."

HONOR.—Your story depicts a regrettable aspect of church life, and its general intention is excellent. Its literary value is not very high, though you write with ease and correctness. The ending from the story-teller's point of view, might be improved. The dialogue with the child does not read naturally. And why not make the church people repent and bring about a reconciliation? As it stands, it is merely a depressing conundrum.

J. M. A.—Your subject could be used to good effect, but you do not write easily or gracefully. There is an air of effort all through. I hardly think you will be able to do much with it in its present form. Cultivate a simple and direct style and by-and-by look at this again.

JOSEPH MARLE.—Your metre still halts. You cannot accent "even" on the second syllable, nor "subdued" on the first. In other respects, this is less successful than the last.

K. O. W.—There is nothing specially striking in this sonnet. It is correct and tolerably pleasing, but quite ordinary. But the writing of such verses is a harmless, indeed rather an improving, employment for spare time. There is no need to discourage it.

M. KIKO.—The value of such work depends almost entirely upon the illustrations. If these are good, you might use them for either of the purposes you suggest in Question 2. Question 1. No. Offer them by all means.

LUX.—Not nearly good enough for print, utterly childish and trivial. No Editor would read farther than the first sentence.

GEORGE MEDLEY.—No. 3 is very good, especially the latter part. In fact both sonnets have capital endings. The blank verse suggests appreciative reading rather than original inspiration. The rondeaux are clever as exercises, and the second one is particularly graceful in expression. The middle strophe is admirable, and the last five lines are very dainty. There is an omission, by the way, in line 13—"it," or some such word. You seem to do your best work in difficult forms. No. 4 jolts a little. Again it is the lyrical faculty that is at fault. Your verses do not *sing*. Still, they are very much above the average. Thanks for your note. The Latin poem was not known to me.

ROW.—Very pretty, both in idea and expression. You think and write in a cultured style. But I fear it is not the kind of matter that gets itself printed in magazines.

SOUTHERNWOOD.—You have still to learn the elementary rules of prosody. Your verses are full of metrical faults. For the rest they are a puzzling patchwork of good and bad. The first poem is as poor as can be. Of the second, verse two and half of verse three are

strikingly good. There are two fine lines in the third (middle of verse four), but the rest is poor. There are good ideas and good phrases all through, but you have not yet learned to express yourself. Put the idea of publication out of your head, but persevere with your efforts.

UMSLOPOGAAS.—Your idea is quaint and original. It might make a capital sketch. But your English is very bad, not ungrammatical, but awkward and wooden. You must learn to express yourself better before you think of magazines.

ZERO.—A very able little sketch—well written, convincing. The only fault is in the imitated pronunciation of the child's speech, which is too infantile for her ideas. Let her speak childishly by all means, but with ordinary articulation. You write admirable English, but twice you drop (rather effectively) into French idiom.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BISHOP, J. W.—The Christian Year in its Relation to the Christian Life ..... Stock
[*Meditations on the suggestions and purposes of the various times and seasons in the Christian Year.*]

BLAIKIE, Dr. W. G.—Household Prayers. For Use in Family Worship, 2/6 ..... S. S. Unwin

BROOKE, S. A.—The Gospel of Joy, 6/- ..... Isbister

CAIRD, Dr. J.—University Sermons, 6/- ..... Maclehose

Canterbury, Archbishop of, Charge delivered at his First Visitation, 1/- Macmillan
[*Gives in a well printed and handy booklet the Charge which deals with the prominent questions regarding the Eucharist, Confession, Powers of Bishops, etc.*]

CLOW, Rev. W. M.—In the Day of the Cross, 3/6 ..... Sands
[*A volume of thoughtful and lucid sermons, including some excellent and searching studies of character. Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate are treated with special fulness and attention.*]

CONE, Dr. O.—Paul, 10/6 ..... A. and C. Black

DEWAR, A. R.—From Matter to Man: A New Theory of the Universe, 3/6 ..... Chapman and Hall
[*A discussion of evolution from "First Origins" and "First Causes" to the "Evolution of Mind," all from the standpoint of the New Materialism. Mr. Dewar puts his case well, but is met by his own logic at every point, and has no very satisfactory result to show at the end.*]

Fifty-two Lessons on the Prayer Book (Sunday School Notes), 2/- Gait (Grimsby)
[*The teaching is distinctively Church of England, but any Sunday School teacher may find the notes helpful.*]

HODGSON, Dr. J. M.—Theologia Pectoris, 3/6 ..... Clark
[*In this comparatively small book Dr. Hodgson seeks to state in broad outline the modified views of religious doctrine and belief which have gained acceptance of late years. His attitude is fairly expressed in these words, "The final appeal in all moral, spiritual, and religious matters is to our personal intuitive perception and appreciation of the true and right, the good and the divine. Truth cannot be imposed upon the mind and the conscience by any external authority." The book is a most interesting and able one, well thought out and well expressed.*]

HORTON, Dr. R.—The Commandments of Jesus, 6/- ..... Isbister
[*A suggestive, searching, and practically helpful work on what Dr. Horton describes as "the eternal code of Jesus." It forms the complement to his studies of the Teaching of Jesus.*]

LEFROY, Dean.—Present Day Preachers, 3/6 ..... Marshall

MADDEN, Rev. T. J.—Addresses to All Sorts and Conditions of Men, 3/6 ..... Stock
[*A series of earnest and forcibly expressed addresses to young men on prominent and much discussed subjects.*]

MARTYN, H. J.—For Christ and the Truth, 5/- Williams and Norgate
[*A series of papers on Christian evidences and apologetics.*]

MORDEN, J. W.—Was Man Evolved? 9d. ..... Stock
[*The writer of this pamphlet says emphatically, No.*]

RAMSAY, Prof. W. M.—Was Christ Born at Bethlehem? 5/- .. Hodder

ROBERTSON, Prof.—Poetry and Religion of the Psalms, 12/- Blackwood

WINTERBOTHAM, Canon.—The Kingdom of Heaven, Here and Hereafter, 3/6 ..... Methuen
[*A series of discourses on the Parables specially referring to the Kingdom of Heaven. The writer is neither rigid nor conventional in his methods, but writes in a frank and yet reverent spirit.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

LAW, W.—A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, edited by Dr. J. H. Overton, 8/6 ..... Macmillan
[*A volume of that handsome series—"The English Theological Library." Canon Overton writes a preliminary biographical and critical notice.*]

WILSON, Bishop.—Maxims of Piety and of Christianity, 5/6 Macmillan
[*An excellent edition, edited with preface and notes by the Rev. Frederic Relton.*]

FICTION.

ADAMS, E. D.—A Girl of To-Day, 3/6 ..... Blackie
[*The three young people of the story—the "Girl of To-Day," her brother, and "Jim"—became Altruists, and founded a branch Society in their Australian home. Young people will enjoy reading the history of their plans and doings. The story is a very interesting one.*]

ALFORD and SWORD.—The Egyptian Soudan, 10/- ..... Macmillan

ANDREWS, M.—The Child of the Lighthouse, 1/6 .... Wells Gardner
[*An admirable Sunday School prize book. It tells a stirring story of smuggling and shipwreck, but has a distinctly religious tone.*]

ANON.—The Hypocrite, 2/6 ..... Greening
[*A very unpleasant story in which everyone seems to be perpetually intoxicated. But the anonymous author of "The Hypocrite" can write. He should listen to words of wisdom, and change his whole attitude and style. Otherwise he will never be read.*]

ASCHER, J. G.—A Social Upheaval, 6/- ..... Greening

AUSTIN, S.—Our Next Door Neighbours, 2/6 ..... Gardner
[*A very pretty story of child life in the country.*]

AVERY, H.—The Triple Alliance, 3/6 ..... Nelson
[*A lively story of life at a boys' school. Faction fights and secret feasts supply a good share of the entertainment.*]

BALZAC, H. DE.—The Member for Arcis, 3/6 ..... Dent
[*This magnificent edition of Balzac's works is nearing the close. We can but reiterate our admiration.*]

BATEMAN, M.—The Altar of Life, 6/- ..... Duckworth

BENSON, E. F.—The Money Market, Arrowsmith's Annual, 1/- Arrowsmith
[*There is a great deal of musical talk and still more of high-minded sentiment in Mr. Benson's new story. It turns on a large pecuniary sacrifice for the sake of principle. The sacrifice opens the door to the hero's real happiness. It reveals to him the consolations of art, and at least one disinterested woman.*]

BLAKE, M. M.—Grantley Fenton, 5/- ..... Jarrold
[*Buonaparte's escape from Elba is the central point of this story. Round that event hang adventures and trials, military and domestic. These are pleasantly related, and skilfully brought to a happy and appropriate ending.*]

BOLDREWOOD, R.—A Romance of Canvas Town, 6/- ..... Macmillan

BOYD-BAYLEY, E.—A Bit of Wool, 3/6 ..... Jarrold

BRAINE, S. E.—The Turkish Automaton, 3/6 ..... Blackie
[*Miss Braine has chosen the curious narrative of the Automaton Chess Player, with whom (or which) Napoleon himself tried his skill, as the subject of her story. The writer, however, gives full play to her imagination, and has woven round this central point of interest, a lively tale of the period of Catharine the Great.*]

BRAYSHAW, J. D.—Slum Silhouettes, 3/6 ..... Chatto

BUCHANAN, R.—Father Anthony, 6/- ..... Long

BULLEY, E. A.—The Whipping Boy, 1/- ..... Gardner
[*An adaptation from the German of an entertaining story for young people.*]

BURGIN, G. B.—Settled Out of Court, 6/- ..... Pearson

CARPENTER, E.—Angels' Wings, 6/- ..... Sonnenschein

CLIFFORD, H.—Since the Beginning, 6/- ..... Richards

CLOWES, A. A.—Senex, 3/6 ..... Sonnenschein
[*A very well-written and readable story. The interest centres in a young and beautiful girl, who, to escape the persecutions of undesired suitors, marries a man of sixty, and is fairly happy.*]

COBBAN, J. M.—The Angel of the Covenant, 6/- ..... Methuen

COCQ, Rev. J. R.—The Two Crusaders, a Romance of the Middle Ages H. Marshall
[*A stirring story of the Netherlands during the time of the Spanish tyranny.*]

COLLINGWOOD, H.—A Pirate of the Caribbees, An Ocean Chase, 5/- each ..... Griffith
[*Two stirring tales for boys dealing with adventures upon the high seas.*]

COMPTON, J.—The Hospital Secret ..... Long

COOMBE, F.—Her Friend and Mine, 2/- ..... Blackie
[*A pleasant story of the life of two little Guernsey girls, called Summer and Winter. Miss Coombe writes in a very unaffected and pleasing style.*]

COWPER, F.—The Island of the English ..... Seeley
[*A stirring story of military adventure during the time of of Napoleon.*]

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Red Axe, 6/- ..... Smith, Elder

DALE, T. F., and SLAUGHTER, F. E.—Two Fortunes and Old Patch, 6/- ..... Constable

D'ANNUNZIO, G.—The Child of Pleasure, trans. by G. Harding, 6/- Heinemann
[*See p.* 87.]

DAWBARN, R.—Ransonmoor, 6/- ..... Digby
[*A well-intentioned story, somewhat laboured in manner. The plot hinges on the forgery of a business document.*]

DAWSON, A. J.—Bismillah, 6/- ..... Macmillan

DAWSON, W. J.—Judith Boldero, 6/- ..... Bowden

DELANNOY, B.—The Missing Cyclist, 1/- ..... Simpkin
[*Half a dozen lurid detective stories, in which the detective does not always come off best.*]

DURING, S.—Between the Devil and the Deep Sea, 6/- ..... Innes

DUTTON, A. V.—A Cloud of Dawn, 6/- ..... Chapman & Hall
[*A mildly agreeable Socialist novel. Save for the modern sympathies it expresses, it is built on old-fashioned lines. The seraphically virtuous heroine falls into a decline, the effect of a faithless lover and intemperate self-sacrifice. The death-bed scene, which follows a sickly tradition, will be resented by not a few readers, who think Una's adherence to her new principles might have been given a longer test.*]

ENSELL, Mrs.—Angel: A Cornish Romance, 6/- ..... Digby
[*A story of the end of last century very pleasantly told in Mrs. Ensell's easy and graceful fashion.*]

EVERETT-GREEN, E.—Esther's Charge, 2/6 ..... Nelson
[*Another very pretty Christmas gift-book. The story tells how a little girl looked after her two boy cousins and won the affection of all about her.*]

EVERETT-GREEN, E.—French and English, 5/- ..... Nelson
[*A stirring tale of the American War, ending with the famous battle on the Heights of Abraham. The story is full of interest and animation. The battle scenes are very realistic, and provide some rather terrible reading.*]

EVERETT-GREEN, E.—Tom Tufton's Toll, 3/6 ..... Nelson
[*Another of this writer's interesting historical stories. This one deals with the period of Marlborough's victories.*]

FENN, G. M.—Jungle and Stream, 5/- ..... Partridge
[*A capital story relating the adventures of two boys in Siam. There is plenty of adventure, big game shooting in the jungle, fights with natives, and so on.*]

"Fifine," Mam'zelle Grand'mere, 3/6 ..... Lawrence & Bullen

FINNEMORE, E. P.—A King of Shreds and Patches Lawrence & Bullen

FIRTH, Mrs. J. F. B.—A Quaker Maid, 6/- ..... Unwin

FREDERIC, H.—Gloria Mundi, 6/- ..... Heinemann

FRITH, H.—In the Yellow Sea: A Tale of the Japanese War, 3/6 Griffith
[*A very lively and readable story related in the first person by a youth who finds himself by accident on a China-bound vessel, and decides to complete the voyage.*]

FRYER, A. C.—The Adventures of Little Karl, 1/- .... Sonnenschein
[*The story of the disappearance of little Karl for five years and his strange experiences while absent from home. All the birds and beasts talked with him in the friendliest way, and children will enjoy hearing what they had to tell.*]

GILLIAT, Rev. E.—The King's Reeve ..... Seeley
[*In his story, "In Lincoln Green," Mr. Gilliat sought to revivify the ballads of Robin Hood. In this he does the same for the lore of the period of Edward I., particularly the ballad of John the Reeve. It is an excellent and well-told story.*]

GLADSTONE, L.—Neil Macleod, 6/-.....Hodder

GODFREY, E.—Poor Human Nature, 6/-.....Richards

GRAHAM, J. M.—A World Bewitched, 6/-.....Harper

GRAHAME, K.—The Headswoman, Bodley Booklets, No. 5., 1/- Lane
[*Mr. Grahame's cleverness does not forsake him when he attempts satire. Perhaps the object of his satire is some phase of the employment of women question. But whether one discovers the object or no one may agree that "The Headswoman" is a pretty bit of foolery.*]

GRANT, A. F.—Chums at Last, 2/6 .....Nelson
[*A school story for boys, full of cricket, cycling, exams., and slang. It is one of the brightest school stories we have read.*]

GRANT, S.—A New Woman Subdued, 2/6 ..... Digby
[*The title is not much guide to the story, for, except for a few silly and schoolgirlish remarks in the first chapter, the "new woman" was very like other women, and especially easily "subdued." There is another story in the volume called "In the Dusk of the Twilight." Both are readable, but commonplace.*]

GROOME, W. H. C.—The Fortunes of the Charlton Family, 1/6 Gardner
[*The story begins in St. Andrews, and is transferred to Poland, and finally to the Far West. It is very pleasantly told, and is distinctly religious in tone, but has vivacity enough to please the juvenile reader.*]

GWYNN, E.—The Repentance of a Private Secretary, 3/6 ..... Lane

HAMILTON, Lord E.—The Mawkin of the Flow (Green Cloth Library), 6/- ..... Unwin

HANNAN, C.—Castle Oriol, 6/- .....Long

HARRISON, Mrs. B.—A Triple Entanglement, 6/- ..... Unwin

HARTE, B.—Stories in Light and Shadow, 6/-.....Pearson

HAVERFIELD, E. L.—Our Vow, 2/6.....Nelson
[*The vow that "we won't be managed by Cusin Evelun, . . . nor be good til she gose away agen," came to a disastrous ending, and Cousin Evelyn turned out to be an angel—"only a live one." The story is an excellent one for children.*]

HAWKER, B.—Overlooked, 3/6.....Gardner
[*Tells how a lively girl, the fiancee of an actor on tour, spends a year as "Rectory lady" in a Devonshire parish. The story is a bright and delightful one, full of genuine humour. The writer is to be congratulated on a very successful bit of work.*]

HIND, C. E.—The Enchanted Stone, 6/- .....Black

HINKSON, H. A.—When Love is Kind, 6/-.....Long

HOCKING, J.—Mistress Nancy Molesworth, 6/- .....Bowden
[*See p. 87.*]

HOCKLIFFE, M.—The Refiner's Fire, 6/-.....Cassell

HOHLER, Mrs. E.—The Green Toby Jug and the Princess who Lived Opposite, 2/6.....Nelson
[*Two very pretty stories for small children. "The Green Toby Jug" tells how a little boy and girl got lost on the moors, and the other how they got lost in the streets of London. The boys and girls are all nice to read about, and there are plenty of pretty pictures.*]

HORNUNG, E. W.—Some Persons Unknown, 6/-.....Cassell

HOVENDON, E.—Anna, 3/6.....Digby
[*A great effort to be clever is apparent on every page. It soon becomes wearisome. On page 17 the cat is found "making a small murmuring noise to herself indicative of complete satisfaction with her surroundings." Why not "purring"? With large print, wide margins, and this method of expression, it does not take much matter to make a book.*]

HOWARTH, A.—Katrina, 6/-.....Smith, Elder

HUME, F.—The Rainbow Feather, 6/-.....Digby
[*Tells how a gipsy's palmistry was confirmed in a tragic tale. The story has a certain superficial interest.*]

HUTCHINSON, J. R.—Pirate Gold, 5/-.....Pearson
[*Another story of scuttled brigs, cats-o'-nine tails, Davy Jones, and the smell of powder. Boys who delight in this sort of thing will get a good supply of it here.*]

KEIGHTLEY, S. R.—The Silver Cross, 6/-.....Hutchinson
[*A story of intrigue—chiefly political—in Paris a couple of centuries ago.*]

KENDALL, M.—Turkish Bonds, 6/-.....Pearson

KNIGHT, E. F.—A Desperate Voyage, 2/6.....Milne

KUPPORD, S.—The Uncharted Island, 3/6.....Nelson
[*A bright tale of life on board ship and a treasure hunt on land afterwards. The author writes in a humorous and lively style.*]

LARKEN, E. P.—The Sea Prince, Illustrated by Jessie Bayes, 5/- Jarrold
[*A collection of gracefully-imagined fairy tales. The illustrations are very pretty.*]

LEE, A.—Four for a Fortune, 6/-.....Harper

LEE, A.—The Inca's Ransom; a Story of the Conquest of Peru, 2/6 Partridge
[*Just the story that boys will like, full of adventure and peril, ending in success.*]

LEE, A.—The Key of the Holy House, 6/-.....Pearson

LYALL, E.—Hope the Hermit, 6/-.....Longmans

MARCHANT, B.—The Bonded Three, 2/6.....Blackie
[*A brightly-written story of Indian life. Revolt among the Khasi Hill workers forms the central incident.*]

MATHER, J. M.—By Roaring Loom.....Bowden

MEADE, L. T.—The Rebellion of Lil Carrington.....Cassell
[*Lil was an attractive hoyden who learned submission through various painful experiences. The story will suit girls of school age.*]

MENDHAM, C. A.—A Buried Mystery, 6/-.....Digby
[*The story of the discovery by a young Englishman of a hitherto unknown tribe in South America, and of his subsequent marriage to the native princess. The story has a good deal of adventurous interest, but is much too long.*]

MITCHELL, S. W.—The Adventures of François, 6/-.....Macmillan

MOCKLER, G.—A Dreadful Mistake, 2/6.....Blackie
[*Relates how four extremely lively children found themselves in the charge of a very prim and unsympathetic aunt, and how they plagued and harassed her into loving them. It is a bright book for young folks.*]

MONKHOUSE, A.—A Deliverance, 3/6 .....Lane

MORLEY, G.—Sweet Audrey (Impressionist Series), 3/6.....Jarrold

MULHOLLAND, R.—Nanno, 3/6.....Richards

NEISH, R.—Chips and Chops, 2/-.....Blackie
[*A little book of short stories for children. The Moon, the Butterfly, and the Wind are among the characters, and the tales are simply and gracefully told.*]

OBER, F. A.—Under the Cuban Flag, or the Cacique's Treasure, 6/- Nutt
[*A stirring story of warfare and peril in Cuba.*]

PAIN, B.—The Romantic History of Robin Hood, 6/-.....Harper

PARKER, Dr. J.—Paterson's Parish, 5/-.....Burleigh

PARKER, G.—The Battle of the Strong, 6/-.....Methuen

POE, E. A.—Fall of the House of Usher, etc., 1/6.....Service
[*These "Little Masterpieces" will form a very attractive series. The volumes are daintily bound and decorated. This one contains seven well-known tales.*]

POLLARD, E. F.—A Hero King, 5/- .....Partridge
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